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BY SENATOR
ROBERT R. REYNOLDS

DEC. 2,
1939

Liberty

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IS IT AS BAD AS THIS?

A Sorority Sponsor Talks About

COLLEGE GIRLS' MORALS

THE TIME HAS COME *for Tangerines*

Tangerines have come to town! Right now, your market is proudly displaying these globes of goodness in gay, ruddy heaps.

How *luscious* they are! Plump morsels of tart-sweet m-m-ness wrapped up by nature in party-size "packages" whose tender peel slips off as easily as you slip a glove off your hand!

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FLORIDA TANGERINES

Men respect . . . Women admire

WELL-GROOMED HAIR

Use VITALIS and the "60-Second Workout"

1 **50 Seconds to Rub**—Circulation quickens—flow of necessary oil is increased—hair has a chance!

2 **10 Seconds to Comb and Brush**—Hair has a lustre—no objectionable "patent-leather" look.

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Get a bottle of Vitalis from your druggist today. Start now with your "60-Second Workouts" and have good-looking hair that wins the approval of men, the admiration of women!

Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout" helps keep Hair Healthy and Handsome

WARNING—For your protection in the barber shop—genuine Vitalis now comes only in individual, sanitary Sealtubes—sold by barbers who display this seal. Accept no substitutes. *Insist on Sealtubes!*

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BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

HEYWORTH CAMPBELL
ART EDITOR

BUREAUCRACY A GREAT TAX-EATING MONSTER

BERNARR MACFADDEN

Taxes have always been an unpleasant subject. They are always objectionable.

In the beginning of our national life, taxes were said to be the cause of the Revolutionary War. We all remember about the shipload of tea that was thrown into Boston harbor because of taxes. And it is indeed amazing to note the dissatisfaction at that time, when we learn that the estimated taxes were twenty-five cents per capita per year. They are more than a thousand times that amount at the present time.

One of our friends wrote and complained about the taxes paid by Michigan citizens, which were more than fifty times greater in 1937 than they were in 1910. In 1910 they were less than five and a half million, while in 1937 they were nearly three hundred and twenty-four million . . . an increase of nearly 6,000 per cent.

And a similar or greater increase has been noted in many other states.

Why this enormous increase in taxes?

To be sure, we have a colossal load of approximately 25 to 30 per cent of our citizens who are eating at the government table. There are nearly four million persons on the government pay roll, federal, state, and local, and if you include the WPA workers, the millions on the dole, and various other government wards, it would probably total to 30 per cent of our population.

Previous to the Roosevelt administration we had poorhouses in every community, and to be compelled to go to one of these havens of rest was considered a lasting disgrace. But the entire nation at this time has shouldered the incubus of millions of poorhouses.

Inmates of the poorhouses in former years were not allowed to vote. The privilege of suffrage was taken away from them. The badge of disgrace which was formerly associated with these charity wards has been eliminated. Therefore, with the public treasury at the disposal of the administration for the dispensation of jobs, and for handing out favors in the form of a dole or otherwise, the difficulties of an opposing party, associated with winning an election, can readily be recognized.

Extraordinary efforts are being made by governmental officials to find additional means of collecting taxes; but the desire to find a taxing procedure that the public will not feel has given us all sorts of hidden taxes.

As we have previously stated on this page, there are fifty-two different taxes on a loaf of bread. For years five cents was the standard price for a loaf of bread. Now it is from ten to fifteen cents.

We have objected most strenuously at times to what is termed a sales tax, but there are sales taxes nearly everywhere at this time. And all the variety of taxes, requiring hundreds of thousands of tax collectors, hundreds of thousands of accountants, could be confined to one tax only—the sales tax—and that tax could include all other taxes.

The hidden taxes that are now being paid on everything we buy would then come out in the open. We would know what we were paying for taxes.

As long as we are paying taxes without our knowledge, there is but little danger of our bothering ourselves about them; but if they stare us in the face every time we buy a pound of butter, a loaf of bread, a pair of shoes, etc., we are automatically reminded of the high cost of government.

A scandalous situation is worrying every intelligent citizen in this country at this time. Many maintain the present tax represents almost confiscation. But how many of us realize that this huge sum our government is collecting every year at this time pays but little more than half of the cost of our governmental expenses? This is indeed a cause for worry.

Our federal indebtedness is increasing at the rate of three to four thousand million dollars every year, and our government today is not any better than, if it is as good as, it was when it was costing us one tenth of the present amount.

To find a remedy we need a public awakening that will reach from the highest to the lowest.

Governmental expenses must be reduced. National disaster is not far ahead unless this situation is effectively attacked.

Bernarr Macfadden

TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 58

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IS IT AS BAD AS THIS?

A SORORITY SPONSOR TALKS ABOUT COLLEGE GIRLS' MORALS

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

I'M no scandalized old biddy clucking at the high jinks of the young. Red-blooded young folk are normally rebellious and venturesome. I can find no cause for alarm or indignation in the knowledge that lads and lassies will acquaint themselves with the facts of life. To the best of my information, they always have, and without the disastrous consequences perennially prophesied.

But when I see, as I think I do, an emerging point of view entirely different from that of recent generations, I feel there is a matter worth looking into.

Last fall I inherited the job of alumnae adviser to the local chapter of my sorority—fifty to sixty girls, seventeen to twenty-two years old, under one roof. I was interested in the work and felt that I was at least fairly well qualified for it. I was not so terribly long out of school myself. As a student and afterward as a faculty wife, I had been almost constantly associated with college life for twelve years, in four schools. Altogether, I assumed that I had a pretty accurate idea of just what student attitudes in general were.

That was a year ago.

Today—well, after a year of intimate contact with these girls, a year of well-nigh incessant haranguing, cajoling, pleading, reasoning, supplicating, threatening, and advising—all quite, quite futile—I confess that I am utterly at sea as to what are the real aims, the philosophy if you will, by which they govern their lives; even as to whether they have any such philosophy. Of what they do, I have been almost continuously aware. But of the purpose behind it? I have formed and discarded one explanation after another, finally to come to the conclusion that they've simply abandoned, lock, stock, and barrel, the whole moral code that governed my generation of coeds and college boys less than a decade ago. But what—if anything—they have set up in its stead, I am not certain.

Let me repeat that I'm trying merely to point out a state of change, a new attitude, one which strikes me as significant. It is not a particularly sudden change; it has been going on for a number of years, I'm sure. As I look back today, I can see in various incidents perfectly clear indications of it—incidents which at the time I thought spectacular exceptions. For example:

A few years ago, in one of the largest and "best" sororities on the campus of a neighboring state university, the chaperon surprised one of the most popular girls in the chapter on the kitchen table with her boy friend *flagrante delicto*. The upshot of this discovery

Every word of this revelation is true. Every American parent should read it

Some of them, with their escorts, added their mite to the gaiety of things by getting drunk in a jelly joint.

was a tidy little scandal, in the course of which seventeen of the girl's sorority sisters wrote, signed, and delivered an ultimatum to the effect that if she were expelled from the sorority, they would withdraw, since they were all as guilty as she. The implication was, of course, that they simply did not regard the act as a serious moral or other offense, and that in their eyes it didn't merit severe punishment. And in this stand they received strong support from large numbers of fellow students. Certainly it never entered their heads that they too might be expelled. Nor were they.

THAT declaration would never have been made in my day. Not because we were any better, brighter, or cleaner-minded, but simply because even if seventeen of the forty-five of us had been so implicated—and I'm reasonably certain there weren't—those seventeen wouldn't have confessed the fact privately to the rest of us or to each other, much less have written and signed a statement of it. We were neither prudes nor puritans, but we held some very positive ideas about the value of a reputation for modesty, virtue, and integrity.

Today there are apparently no such ideas; there is next to no physical modesty, hardly even a pretense at concealment. A day or two ago I was informed by our chaperon of an incident which had occurred the night before. She didn't want to be advised what to do about it—she really meant to do nothing. She merely thought I ought, or might be interested, to know what was going on. Just part of her routine duties, since it was in fact but another incident.

It happened to be a "date night," one of the few nights when she isn't required to be in the house all evening. Returning at about ten thirty from a university concert, she found the house in total darkness, the doors locked. When at last she got in through a window, she discovered that the lights would not turn on. The fuses had been removed from the switches. In the house at the time were between ten and twenty girls who had been entertaining their young men in the parlors and the bedrooms. The boys took their departure under cover of darkness. All this, naturally, had been carefully prearranged.

This group constitutes, it is true, perhaps not more than a third of the sorority—but it is by all odds the most influential third. These girls are the prettiest and most popular. Moreover, there is no sentiment of strong opposition or condemnation among the others. And my particular point is that what goes on is common knowledge. Nobody takes any trouble to conceal anything. Recently one of the girls went to borrow a textbook of lovely Sarah ——, who is envied her fire-escape room on the top floor. The girl walked in upon Sarah and her friend, a boy widely hailed as one of the "best" men in school. Sarah hadn't even bothered to lock the door.

And not only are they thus quite open with one another; they seem equally indifferent to public notice. The day following the concert-night business, I bestirred myself to go over and deliver to them what I hoped was a very stiff lecture. I had long since dropped the morality appeal, since it obviously made less than no impression on them; and I confined myself to emphasizing the cheap and vulgar reputation such conduct would give them. I tried to point my remarks toward loyalty to the organization's good name and toward regard for their personal reputations; though I had little faith remaining in that line of approach, I didn't know any other. After you've done that sort of thing repeatedly for a year, you eventually run out of powder.

They all listened respectfully enough—they always did; but I had the unpleasant feeling throughout that I might as well have been talking in the unknown tongue. That night four of the most active members, with their equally prominent escorts, added their mite to the gaiety of things by getting themselves hog-drunk in one of the most popular jelly joints, and insisting on introducing all newcomers to four perfectly strange men in the booth next to theirs. And don't make the mistake of thinking that this might have been done in a spirit of bravado or defiance. Nothing of the kind; it was just incidental amusement.

WELL, perhaps you begin to gather now something of what I mean by a total change in attitude. Make no mistake; mine is not the only sorority on the campus active socially, nor even the most active — which means having the greatest number of popular girls. Neither is the kind of behavior I have outlined common only to a small group of sororities.

In my day, of course, the dean of women and the dean of men would have taken firm steps. But such incidents were rare, and they were invariably the aberrations of individuals or very small groups only. The persons involved were almost without exception expelled. Most of them were idlers and scapegraces whose chief aim in college was to raise hell in general.

The students I speak of are not this type. There are plenty of dumb ones, to be sure, but almost all of them manage to keep their grades high enough to remain safely in school and to preserve their sorority social privileges. Not a few of them are of the intellectual as well as the social campus upper crust. Practically all come from excellent and some from decidedly influential families. Obviously the deans of men and women can't cut loose and expel even a fraction of them—say a hundred, or fifty. Nor would doing so serve any good purpose that I can see; for you can't change a general attitude by force or persecution.

Those of us who grew up during the Jazz Age know just how effective were the pulpit damnations, the press blasts, and the parental adjurations and exhortations that were visited on us. We continued fearfully on our primrose paths to perdition, to become, so far as I can see, just about as happy, just about as stable citizens, and at least as well adjusted to our environment as were the damners and blasters. Hence my lack of any real concern about the morals of today's youngsters whom I have been associated with.

BUT there is one factor in this change which does disturb me, and that is the apparent absence of any ultimate direction in the now prevailing attitude. Or, if there is the shadow of an aim, it is one which is as sure as fate to bring finally only disappointment and grief. For, as I see it, the attitude of these boys and girls makes no sound provision for the future, except for economic security. Theirs seems to be a philosophy —not clearly defined, perhaps, but none the less active and vital—of consummate opportunism: Seize the pleasure or the advantage of the moment; let tomorrow look out for itself.

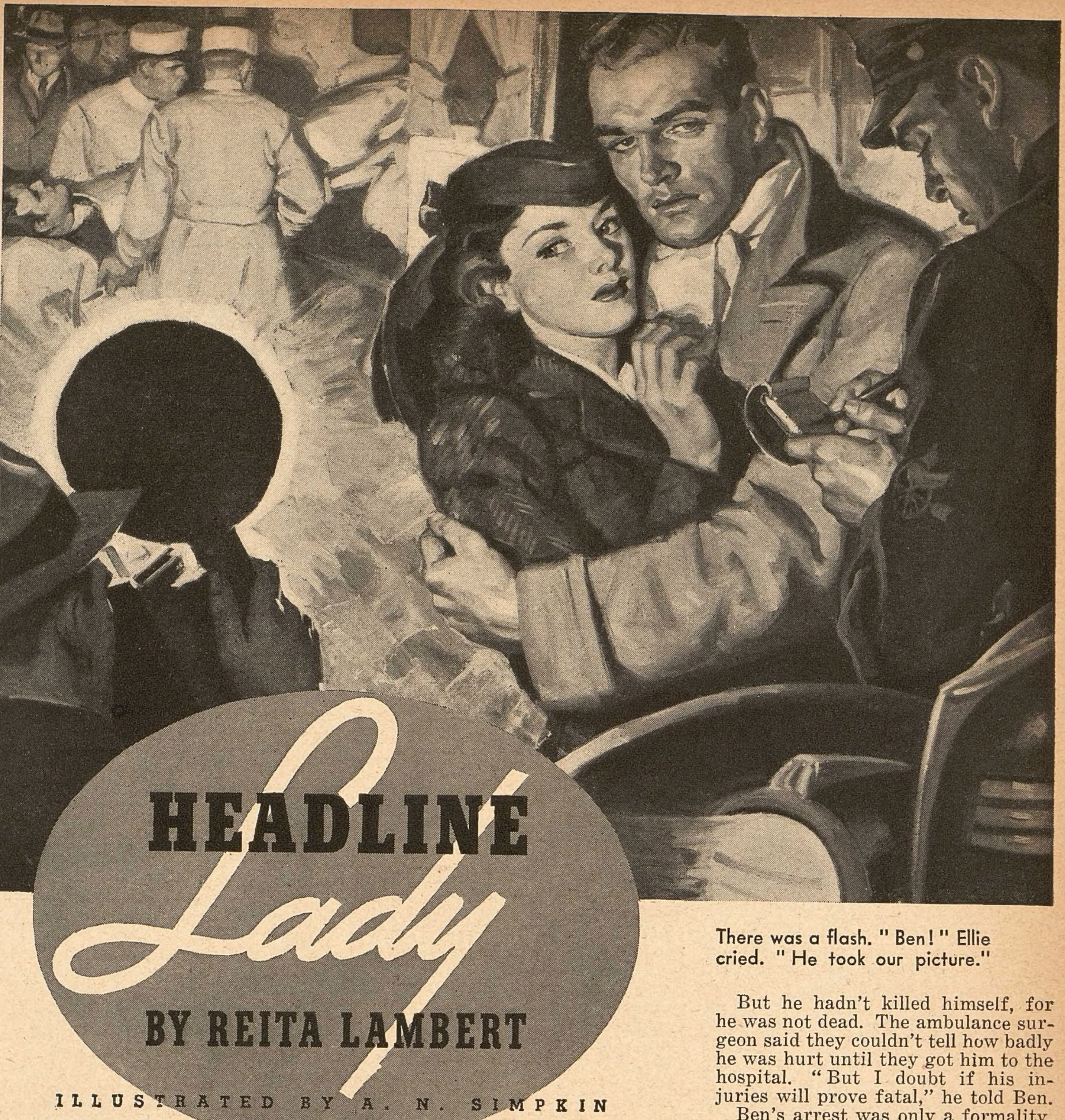
Take, for example, the matter of simple honesty as represented in the attitude toward cheating to gain good marks in examinations. The students frankly admit that such cheating is widespread. And a distinct majority of them condone it—else it could hardly have attained its present prevalence. They confess that they are opposed to the infliction of any severe penalty, such as expulsion, for cheating. Obviously, such an attitude is a definite stand against the difficulties of earning a grade through honest work.

Here again I am not concerned because such behavior constitutes a violation of our traditional moral code, to which we adults too often adhere but theoretically. Giving it a rather old-fashioned phrasing, I should say that the new attitude takes no account of what has hitherto been thought a very real human need, "something definite and permanent to tie to"; and that it ignores what has always in the past proved to be an extremely pertinent question: What of tomorrow?

Does some one ask whether I haven't stated as a general condition and attitude what may be true only of a restricted group, the social sororities and fraternities? My own opinion is that the attitude is more or less universal; but even if what I have said is true only of that group, still any condition which so importantly affects the lives of fifty per cent or more of the student body is worth our attention. And what half of them experience must certainly influence the other half.

If I knew the answers, I'd probably be over at the chapter house expounding them now; for I think they're needed. Since I don't, perhaps it may be to some purpose to put the questions here.

THE END



There was a flash. "Ben!" Ellie cried. "He took our picture."

HEADLINE Lady

BY REITA LAMBERT

ILLUSTRATED BY A. N. SIMPKIN

READING TIME ● 21 MINUTES 56 SECONDS

IT was a horrible moment. They were not going very fast, but Ellie saw that they could not stop quickly enough to avoid hitting the man. He was evidently drunk, for he came lurching across the street, straight into the beam of the headlights. Ben gave the wheel a twist that almost turned the little car over, and the brakes screamed.

Ellie must have lost consciousness for a moment. The next thing she knew, the street, which had been almost deserted, was full of the sound of voices and thudding feet. She had been thrown against Ben and his arms were around her and he was saying over and over, "Ellie, are you hurt? Are you all right, my darling? Are you hurt?"

Fortunately there were two eyewitnesses of the accident. There was the doorman of the Red Cow Café and a woman on her way home from her cashier's job at the Super Diner. They both declared the man had been drunk. "He walked right into the car," the woman told the police officer. "It was almost like he wanted to kill himself."

But he hadn't killed himself, for he was not dead. The ambulance surgeon said they couldn't tell how badly he was hurt until they got him to the hospital. "But I doubt if his injuries will prove fatal," he told Ben.

Ben's arrest was only a formality. His license was in order and he was obviously exactly what he appeared to be: a good-looking gentlemanly young fellow, employed by a reputable firm of architects and out tonight on a little party with his girl. He had taken her for a drive and then brought her back to Papa Esposito's place for dinner. They had just left Papa's when the drunk decided to cross the street—one of those things that nobody can foresee or do much about, said one of the policemen philosophically.

All through the questions and excitement Ben continued to hold Ellie close to his side. All his concern was for her—"Poor little girl! Don't worry, dear." Just before the ambu-

The story of a girl who tried to escape from fame—and found the way to love

lance drove off, a newspaper reporter pushed his way through the crowd. He asked Ben, "What's the lady's name, buddy?"

"The lady had nothing to do with it," Ben said. "I was driving."

The reporter peered at Ellie. "Mind telling me your name, miss?"

"March," Ellie said. "Ellen March."

"March," he said. "Well, well!" He pulled something out from under his coat and there was a sudden flash.

"Oh, Ben!" Ellie cried. "He took our picture."

Ben smiled at her, tightened his hold on her arm. "Never mind, dear. It's all right—everything's going to be all right."

And so it might have been, for the injured man was still alive the next morning. Before he started for his office, Ben telephoned her to tell her the good news. Then he said, "How are you, darling? Did you get any sleep? I've been so worried about you."

"As though you hadn't enough to worry about."

"You're all that matters. Oh, my dear, for a moment last night I thought I'd hurt you, and if I had—if anything had happened to you—"

He left it there, and she said shakily, "How do you think I'd have felt if anything had happened to *you?*"

"It did," he said, very low. "Plenty did happen to me. I had to darn near kill a poor guy before I realized—what you mean to me." He stopped, and then he said, "Ellie, it didn't—by any chance—happen to you, too, did it?"

And she told him, "It happened to me ages ago, Ben dear—the first night I met you—the very first night."

She heard him make a moaning sound. "Lordy! How do you expect me to go down to that office now? How am I going to get through this day?"

"I'll be waiting here for you at the end of it, darling," Ellie said.

EVERY day Ellie went home for a little while. She wished she did not have to go today, for her heart was full of Ben and she knew she could not tell her mother about him. Not yet, anyway. She would have to work up to it by easy stages, and even that was going to be pretty terrible. As for her grandfather, if he didn't like it, it wouldn't matter greatly. Neither to her nor to Ben, of that she could be certain. Ben loved her, loved her for herself alone, and that was all that mattered.

It was noon when Ellie left the shabby studio building in the Village and took a taxi to the tall limestone-fronted house off Park Avenue where she had been born. Before she could find her key, Bradley the butler opened the door, and when she saw his face the joy drained from her heart and terror came rushing in.

"I was about to go in search of you, Miss Ellen," Bradley said. "Your mother is ill—she is very much upset about you. And Mr. Storm has been telephoning."

Ellie flew up the stairs to her mother's suite on the second floor. The bedroom shades were drawn against the thin December sunlight, a maid hovered solicitously over the bed where her mistress lay. When Mrs. Storm saw Ellen, she struggled upright against her pillows.

"Ellen, Ellen, how could you! How could you do this to me—and your grandfather! He'll blame me for it—he'll leave his money to charity—he's furious—"

"Do what?" Ellen said, but she already knew, for she had seen the paper on the bed. It was an afternoon tabloid, which was probably why she had not seen it before. On the front page was the picture the reporter had taken of herself and Ben last night, and beside it another picture of herself, alone, taken at Belmont. The editor had used both, no doubt to attest the veracity of the story. The headlines read:

Midnight Mishap Unmasks Steel King's Heiress
Miss Ellen Storm, Granddaughter of Caleb Storm,
Has Been Living in Village as Ellen March

"I knew something like this would happen when you took that apartment," her mother wailed. "I knew there would be a scandal—"

"It isn't a scandal—"

"Arrested in that slummy place—mixing with those slummy people—dining in some awful foreign restaurant—"

YES, somehow, the story made even Papa Esposito's sound "awful." "A popular spaghetterie and night spot," the reporter called it. Ellen thought of the modest savory-smelling little place, with fat Mama Esposito presiding over the cash register and Papa over his famous sauce kettle and everybody talking to everybody else about Dali and Gertrude Stein and the war. Last night they had all been especially gay and happy. But the newspaper story made the whole thing sound cheap and sordid: "Society girl seeking new thrill."

"You might have thought of me," her mother sobbed, "and your grandfather."

But Ellie was thinking suddenly, and frantically, of Ben. Perhaps he hadn't seen the paper yet. Perhaps she could reach him in time. She grabbed up the telephone beside her mother's bed and dialed his office number. But after a little pause the girl who answered said that Ben was not there.

"He must be," Ellie said. "Perhaps you didn't understand the name—Mr. Hartwell, Benjamin Hartwell."

Presently the voice said, "I'm sorry, but Mr. Hartwell is no longer in our employ. He left at noon today."

"Left!" Ellie cried. "You must be mistaken! Wait—please wait. Connect me with Mr. Franklyn, then." Tommie Franklyn who shared the apartment with Ben. Tommie would know what had happened. When she heard his voice, Ellie said, "Tom, this is Ellie. Ellie—March."

"Don't know any such gal," Tommie said, and his voice was like ice.

"Tommie dear, *please* tell me about Ben. They say he's left."

"Well, that's more polite than saying he's been fired."

"But they couldn't! Because of last night, you mean? But why should they fire him?"

"This is a kind of old-fashioned firm," Tommie said. "It welcomes publicity, of course, but not the kind of publicity that smears it all over the tabloids along with police courts and giddy heiresses."

"But Ben never knew I was—"

"Little hard to explain away headlines," Tommie said, and hung up.

Ellie dialed Ben's apartment, not hearing her mother's reproaches any more, not caring—

OLD Caleb Storm was alone in the library of his great house, Stormhill-on-the-Hudson. On the desk before him a large leather-bound book lay open and in his hand Caleb held the story of his granddaughter's "adventure." Caleb was eighty-two and his once massive body was now little more than a skeleton on which to hang his clothes, but it was his little joke to say that, like Voltaire, he was putting off dying out of spite.

For Caleb had come to despise the world and all its works. He despised the satellites who fawned on him and the servants who waited on him, but most of all he despised his own family. Once he had believed that founding a family was a fine thing, man's only chance of survival. But he had changed his mind about that. Not one of his descendants had proved worthy of the immense fortune he had amassed for them, not one of them was worthy of the great name he would bequeath them.

And you did not have to take Caleb's word for this. You had only to consult the book before him. That book was Caleb's own compilation of his family's misdemeanors as recorded by the press over a period of years. It was a grisly record of abortive lawsuits—for he always settled out of court, of course—and sensational escapades: campus brawls, traffic violations, breach-of-promise suits. And in all of them Caleb's own name, like Abou Ben Adhem's, led all the rest.

He had drawn their attention to this. "I'm the one who has to suffer. If you don't care about your own name, you might at least have some respect for mine."

But they had no respect for anybody or anything. And now it was Ellie, his dead son's daughter and the only one of the pack for whom he had any real affection, the only one who had never disgraced him. Her mother was always complaining that Ellie was a queer girl, always wandering off by herself to read and, unlike her sisters, both of whom had married at twenty, not at all popular with the boys.

This didn't seem to worry Ellie and it hadn't worried Caleb. "Let her alone," he told his daughter-in-law, "and maybe she'll find herself a man I won't have to support."

Well, Ellie had found herself a man in an East Side slum and supplied a new clipping for her grandpa's scrapbook. He looked at her picture now, the one standing beside Ben and the other at Belmont. "Lovely Ellen Storm," that caption read. And she was lovely, with her cloudy dark hair blowing free and her blue eyes looking up at you so straightly and sweetly.

Caleb cut out the story and pasted it in his book with fingers that were as fleshless as clothespins and as cold. He went across to the fireplace to warm them presently. Standing there, he could hear the telephone ringing in the next room. It had been ringing constantly for hours, newspapermen calling, wanting Caleb's comments on Ellie's escapade. Caleb had told his secretary what to tell them, where to tell them to go. But Sanders had prudently censored his employer's remarks. "Mr. Storm has nothing to say," he would inform them.

NO, Caleb thought bitterly, he had nothing to say, but that wouldn't keep his name out of the papers. He held his hands closer to the blaze and his thoughts made such an angry sound in his ears that he did not hear Ellie come in, did not see her until she was standing there beside him.

"Well!" he said, rage almost choking him. "What are you doing here? I've nothing to say to you, either. Nothing you'd care to hear."

"You've got to help me, grandfather," she said. "Ben has lost his job and it's my fault and now he hates me. I tried to explain, but he won't talk to me. You've got to help me."

She wore a tweed coat over her skirt and sweater and had evidently driven out from town without a hat. Her hair was blown and her face pinched with cold.

"Help you!" Caleb repeated. "You're running true to form, Ellie. I rather expected you to be more original."

"I don't matter," she said. "Ben's the only one that matters. He hasn't done anything to deserve this—the police have exonerated him. Everything would have been all right if that reporter hadn't recognized me."

"You should have worn a false mustache," he said, "or a pink wig. It would have made an even better story—funnier, too."

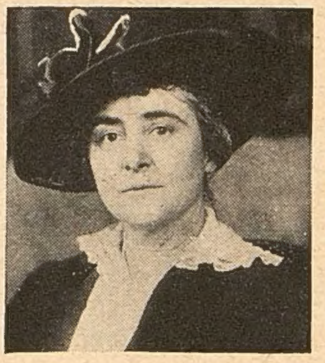
But she was impervious to his fury. "It sounds so much worse than it was. I mean, it was just an accident that might have happened to anybody—"

"But you're not anybody," he said. "You're my granddaughter — you should have remembered that. Come here and I'll show you something." He strode across to the desk. "Come have a look at my little album. It's what you might call profusely illustrated—you'll recognize most of the pictures." He flopped the book over and began to turn the leaves. "You may not believe it, but this book is a very valuable piece of property—must represent something like half a million. You see, I'm the one who has to pay for these headlines and they come high."

Her eyes widened with horror as the black print and pictures flashed past them. "How horrible! But it's not fair."

"My sentiments exactly," Caleb said and slammed the book shut.

20 QUESTIONS



1—Daughter of a famous financier, this American woman is known for her philanthropies throughout France as well as the United States. She recently offered her services to the French government in the same capacity in which she served during the World War. Who is this?

2—What kind of fuel does a Diesel engine burn?

3—What composer of popular operettas founded the American Society of Composers, Authors, and Publishers?

4—What organization regulates the establishment of international aircraft records?

5—What five state capitals begin with A?

6—What is the difference between disinfesting and disinfecting?

7—When was conscription used in the United States before the World War?

8—How does a cameo differ from an intaglio?

9—Which of these countries has the largest population: Denmark, Norway, or Sweden?

10—To what material are the terms pig and scrap commonly applied?

11—Who won the Stanley Cup in 1939?

12—In what province of Canada are Banff and Lake Louise located?

13—How much does a cup of granulated sugar weigh?

14—What is the coloring of Monarch butterflies?

15—Who is the treasurer of the United States?

16—What famous Confederate raider preyed on shipping during the Civil War?

17—How much wool does material have to contain to be labeled "All wool"?

18—Who commanded the British fleet at the Battle of Jutland in 1916?

19—With what branch of the arts are these names associated: Sidney Howard, Charles MacArthur, and Philip Barry?

20—Who is secretary to the President of the United States?

(Answers will be found on page 12)

"Thirty years ago I retired from public life—or so I thought. But it seems I was wrong. My relatives have kept me in the limelight, dragged my name through the mud, made me the butt of fortune hunters and crooks—"

"No, no! I mean it's not fair to judge us by these stories!" she cried. "We haven't meant to disgrace you, only, don't you see, everything we do is distorted and exaggerated. Like that story about me. It wasn't just a silly adventure. I just wanted to be myself and have people judge me as myself and not as 'one of those rich Storms.' I saw what had happened to the others and I didn't want it to happen to me. When you're just anybody and make mistakes and have accidents, nobody makes a fuss about it." She began to cry, the tears running from her wide-open eyes unchecked. "If they hadn't found out who I was last night, everything would have been all right — Ben wouldn't have lost his job—"

"Don't let that worry you. He's probably tickled to death he did lose it, now that he knows who you are—if he didn't know before."

"He didn't! He just knew I was the girl he loved."

"Loved!" he cackled. "Well, in that case, he'll probably do more than simply hold me responsible for the loss of his job. He'll probably sue you for breach of promise."

"Oh, no, he won't," Ellie said. "I never promised to marry him—he never asked me. But I would—oh, I would, if he'd have me. But he won't now. He won't even talk to me."

"No, he'll let his lawyer do the talking."

Ellie drew her sleeve across her wet face, and when she spoke again her voice was quiet. "I know you haven't any faith in any one, grandfather, and I'm not asking you to change. But it was your name that cost Ben his job, and you can get it back for him." She laid her hand on his arm and looked up into his face. "Will you do that? Will you talk to Ben and explain? Tell him I didn't mean to hurt him and that you'll get his job back? If you'll do this, I'll never ask anything of you again."

He looked down at her, gnawing his lip. His anger was tempered with pity now, pity for her suffering and for her credulity. At last he said, "All right. I'll get him out here and talk to him. If it's his job he wants, I'll see that he gets it." He pushed the bell to summon his secretary. "But if that's all he wants, this'll be the first headline in my collection that hasn't cost me money."

Sanders came in and Ellie gave him Ben's name and telephone number. "When you get the young man," Caleb said, "ask him to come out here at once. Tell him I've something to say that—uh—that will be greatly to his advantage." He smiled thinly at Ellie. "That'll fetch him," he said.

CALEB'S message did not fetch Ben. It was long hours before Sanders was able to get him. "There's no answer, sir."

"He's out. He's probably out—hunting another job," Ellie said.

Or consulting a lawyer, Caleb thought but did not say it. And Ellie said nothing more. She sat huddled in a corner of the big sofa while twilight fell on the wintry trees and hedges of Stormhill and gathered in the corners of the quiet room. The butler brought tea and set the silver tray on a small table before the fire, but Ellie could not eat. This angered Caleb. "I'm the one that shouldn't have an appetite!"

The telephone kept ringing, but it was only the reporters. Sanders said some of them were still hanging around the gate, driving the lodge keeper crazy. "They probably know you're here," Caleb told Ellie grimly.

When it got to be after six, Ellie said, "He must be home now. He *must* be."

So Sanders called Ben's apartment again, and this time he was home. The secretary came in presently to tell them so, and there was an affronted look on his mild bespectacled face. "I've reached Mr. Hartwell and delivered your message, sir."

Ellie sprang to her feet and stood rigid.

"Well? Well? What did he say?" demanded Caleb.

"He said, nothing either you or Miss Storm had to say could possibly interest him."

"Oh!" Ellie whispered and sat down.

"Did he indeed!" Caleb said. "And what else?"

"Nothing else, sir," Sanders said and left.

"Bluff!" Caleb said. "Pure bluff! You'll see! You mark my words—"

"I expect it *was* silly," Ellie said, "to think he'd come. You see, I deceived him and humiliated him. He's terribly hurt. I meant to tell him, but I kept putting it off. Then I thought that if he grew to love me, it would be easier for him to forgive me."

"Forgive you for what?" shouted Caleb. "For being Ellen Storm instead of whatever it was you called yourself? For being worth ten million instead of ten cents?"

She got wearily to her feet. "It's not the money. I know you won't believe that, grandfather, but there are people in the world—people like Ben—who think other things are more important than money. Things like self-respect and having faith in some one. You must have believed things like that were important once."

"I still do," Caleb said. "But it's been a long time since I met any one else who did."

"I wish you could have met Ben," Ellie said simply.

She picked up her coat and began to put it on. "You'd better stay here tonight," Caleb growled. "Those reporters would try to nab you."

He rang for his housekeeper and turned Ellie over to her. "Give her a hot bath and make her comfortable," he said.

WHEN he was alone again, he fell to pacing the floor. Once in a while he would pause before the fire and hold his hands to the blaze. Once he went and stood for a long time looking at the last entry in his scrapbook. He studied the picture of the girl and boy standing together against the untidy background of small shops and policemen and gaping onlookers. They had evidently been snapped unaware, for Ben was looking at Ellie and Ellie's face was lifted to Ben's and the two of them might have been listening to some celestial choir instead of ambulance and police sirens.

Looking at the picture, Caleb remembered some of the things Ellie had said—quite new and astonishing things. It had never occurred to him, for example, that his great name and fortune might be a handicap as well as an asset to his descendants. "Everything we do is exaggerated and distorted," Ellie had said. Caleb could see how this might be true. After all, his name was news.

But it was ridiculous to say that it was his name that had cost Ben his job. He'd almost killed a man, hadn't he? Still, even that would hardly give an insignificant nobody headline value. He put on his stronger glasses and bent more closely over Ben's picture. The boy didn't look exactly like an insignificant nobody. He looked, in fact, a good deal as Ellie had suggested he might: like a young man who actually might still believe that self-respect and having faith in some one, as she had put it, were more important things than money.

Caleb felt excitement stirring in him. It was like a rusty engine starting up, and soon it was going full blast, shaking his very bones. He hurried across to the bell and put his thumb on it and kept it there until Sanders came in. "Are those reporters still at the gate?"

"I couldn't say, sir. I imagine they are—waiting for Miss Ellen to leave."

"Well, telephone down and have Jim send 'em up here. Think I'll give 'em a little story on my own account for a change."

THE following morning that story made every first edition of every newspaper in town: CALEB STORM DISINHERITS GRANDDAUGHTER. Caleb read it while he was still in bed. He was gratified to see that, just as he had expected, the reporters had embellished his statement with every tried and true cliché at their command. They had made him wash his hands of Ellie, cut her off with a shilling, renounce her irrevocably.

When Caleb had finished reading the story, he was filled with dreadful foreboding. What had he done? And why? Last night he had had a reason; a reason and a purpose so fierce that it had been like a madness. That was it. He had been mad. Certainly he must have been mad—or had he?

Fortunately he had not long to suffer. Stormhill was more than thirty miles from New York, yet Caleb was still shivering and quaking in his bed when he heard the tinny roar of a car in the driveway, and presently a frightful commotion downstairs. He scrambled out of bed, thrust his old feet into mules, pulled on his robe, and opened the door.

He could hear Sanders' voice and the butler's and another voice, loud and angry. The strange voice was saying, "I don't give a damn if he *is* in bed. I'm going to see him!"

"*If* you please!" Sanders said. "If you *please*—"

Caleb went out and peered over the banister. Sanders and the butler stood at the bottom of the stairs, a barricade. Over them, disheveled and unshaven, towered Ben Hartwell.

Caleb started down the stairs. "What is this?" he demanded. "What's going on here?"

"This young man—"

"This person—"

But Ben's voice was the loudest. "Are you Caleb Storm?"

"I am."

"Well, my name is Hartwell—Benjamin Hartwell. I want to know what you've done with Ellie. The papers say she was here last night. What have you done with her?"

"Ellie?" Caleb said. He had reached the bottom of the stairs now and was panting, not from exertion, from excitement. "Are you referring to my granddaughter?"

"She's not your granddaughter. Don't forget you've renounced her. Where is she?"

CALEB didn't know what he would have answered if he had had the chance to answer—something evasive, certainly, which would have prolonged an interview that was giving him greater joy than anything he had known in a long time. But he had no time to answer, for there was a patter of feet in the upper hall and Ellie came flying down the stairs. She had on a bathrobe that was much too big for her and her feet were bare and her hair uncombed, but her face was a lovely thing to see.

"Ben!" she cried. "I *thought* that was your car! Oh, *Ben!*"

He reached up and swung her down the last three steps and his arms closed round her. "Ellie! Darling, dearest—"

"Ben, I meant to tell you before—I tried—"

"It's all right, dear heart—everything's going to be all right. You don't need his money, darling. I can get another job. I'll make it up to you! I'll spend my life making it up to you."

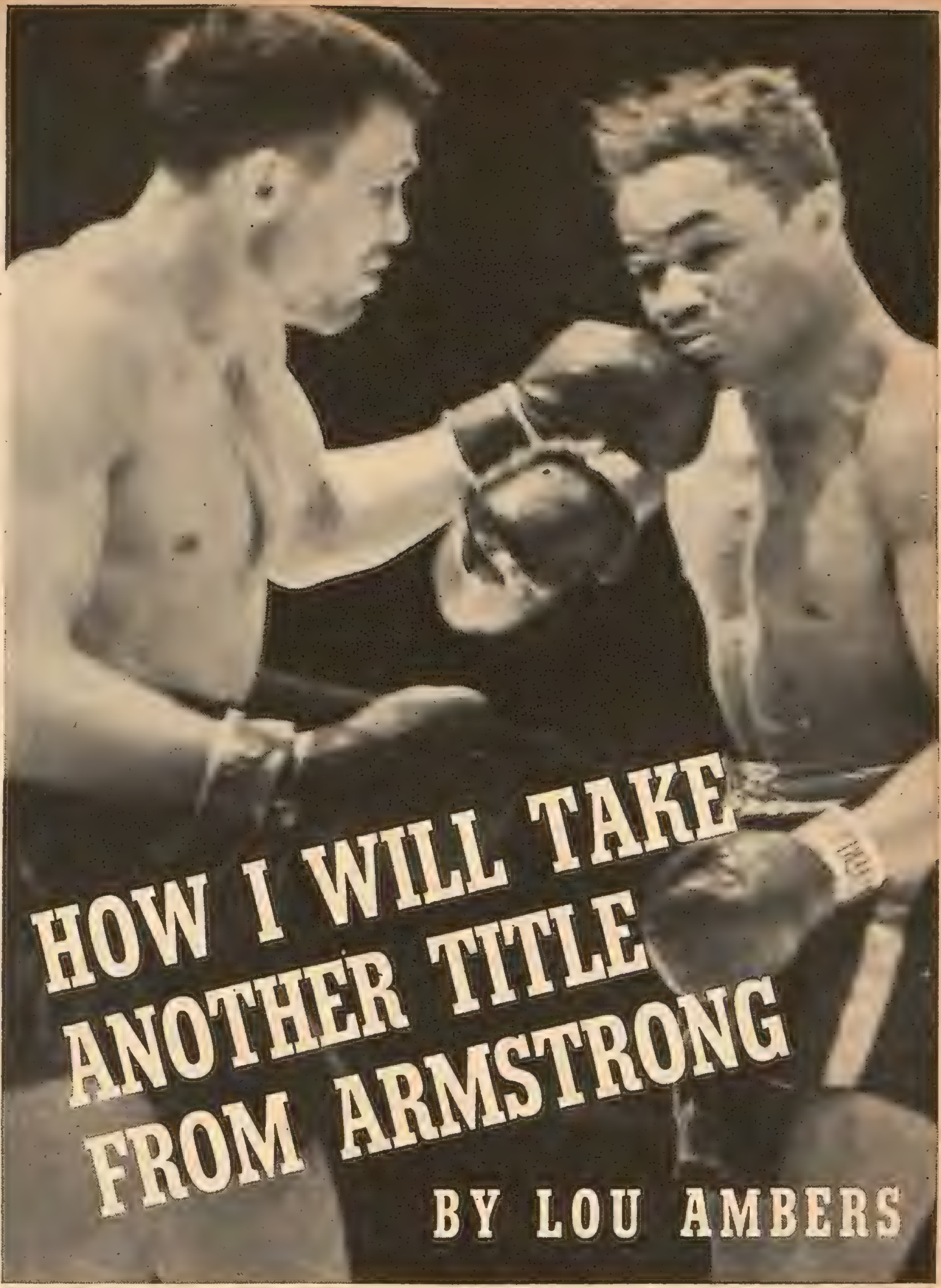
Sanders and the butler looked at Caleb. He jerked his head and they tiptoed away. Caleb waited uncertainly for a moment, then, when they still ignored him, he turned and went into the library. No one had expected him downstairs so early and the fire had not been lighted. Caleb did not notice this for a long time, not until he spied the scrapbook lying there on his desk. It was still open to Ellie's picture and those headlines of yesterday, and suddenly he ripped out the page and carried it across to the fireplace and touched a match to it.

He watched it burn, and then a thought struck him. He returned to the desk and picked up the book. One by one he tore out the leaves and watched them burn until there was nothing left but a few fluffy black flakes. He was still looking at these with satisfaction when the butler knocked and entered.

"I beg your pardon, sir. If you're staying down, I'd better build up the fire for you."

"You needn't bother, thanks," Caleb said. "I'm quite warm, warmer than I've been in a long, long time."

THE END



HOW I WILL TAKE ANOTHER TITLE FROM ARMSTRONG

BY LOU AMBERS

Will yesterday's ring sensation lose two crowns to the same man?

"I know just how to fight him," says Lou Ambers of Armstrong.

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 33 SECONDS

I HAVE the Indian sign on Henry Armstrong, the colored star.

I'm even more confident that I will strip him of the world's welterweight championship when he defends it against me in Madison Square Garden, New York, in a fifteen-round battle, than I was that I'd regain the lightweight title from him, which I did last August.

I wish I could feel as confident about winning over all opponents as I do over "Homicide Hank," as he is called, and when we clash for his welterweight crown I'm sure I will make it two titles in a row that I will have won from him.

It wasn't so long ago that Armstrong was the sensation of sensations—the first man to have ever held three world's championships in boxing at one and the same time. He won the featherweight title by knocking out Petey Sarron in six rounds; he copped the lightweight honors from me; and he won the welterweight crown from Barney Ross.

Because the weight became too low for him, Henry surrendered the featherweight title, which is now possessed by Joey Archibald.

He won the welterweight title from Ross in New York on May 31, 1938.

I will be much stronger than I was when I met him for the lightweight title the past summer. I'll come in around 137 or 138 pounds, which will make me feel as strong as an ox.

Another thing in my favor is that I have everything to gain and nothing to lose, as this time it's his title that is at stake.

In neither of the two fights that I have had with Armstrong has he really hurt me. His vaunted punch is still an unknown quantity so far as I'm concerned. Some of the writers thought me in danger in the fourteenth round of our last bout, but I wasn't. Outside of slight eye cuts I came out of both battles unmarked and unhurt.

Everybody knows what damage I did to Hank in our first fight, despite the fact that I lost both the decision and the crown to him. His mouth was so badly cut inside that it required many stitches and he wasn't able to fight for months afterwards. His right eye was closed and his left nearly so, the last time we fought. His mouth was also badly cut again.

Don't think for a minute that I lightly regard Armstrong's ability. He could probably go out and beat other contenders in either class more easily than I could.

I know just how to fight him. I don't box him the way he wants me to—if I did it would be curtains for me. I fight him the way I want to—which is just what he doesn't want me to do. In other words, I cross him up by carrying the battle to him, standing close to him and peppering away with both hands.

Another thing is that I know how to feint and how to go in and out and move from side to side, so he never can set himself for his "Sunday" punch.

I have made good in the ring because I adopt the other fellow's style; only I try to improve on it. I haven't always succeeded in beating my man, but always in second and third clashes I have conquered foes who caused me trouble the first time.

The only thing that I have regretted is that I never was able to get Jimmy McLarnin to meet me again after the neat pasting he gave me in Madison Square Garden in November, 1936. He punches much harder than does Armstrong, but I felt sure that if I could have gotten one more crack at him I would have turned the tables on him. At that, he outweighed me 11½ pounds.

I now have a greater incentive than ever to win fame and fortune in the ring, as it was only on last October 5, in my native city, Herkimer, New York, that I married Margaret Celio, my childhood sweetheart and the only girl I ever had, in St. Anthony's Church. We were married by the pastor of the church, Gustav Purificato, who has been my lifelong friend.

When I was a lad Father Purificato suggested that the neighborhood boys use the basement of his church for boxing bouts. The lights were so dim there that you could hardly see a punch coming—you had to sense them. I guess I owe my knack of avoiding punishment to the experience I had in boxing in that dimly lit retreat.

Before we married I asked the little pal who is now my wife if she objected to my continuing boxing. She said:

"Fighting is your business, Lou. After all the hard knocks you had reaching the top it would be foolish to quit now when you're in the big money. I'll never interfere. You can retire at any time you see fit—it will be all right with me."

My wife has never seen me fight and only once was she in my training camp to see me box, which was for my last fight with Armstrong. She must have brought me luck, as I won back my title.

I never made up my mind to get married until I had my mother comfortably fixed. I bought her a nice home, and completely furnished it, in the swank section of Herkimer. I only did what any real boy should do. She has had plenty of ups and downs during her married life. My father was prosperous at one time, but lost both his business and his savings and was obliged to move us to a poorer section of the town. My parents had seven sons and three daughters.

My dad passed away in 1935, which made things tougher than ever for my mother; so it was after receiving the first big money I ever made, which was after I lost to Tony Canzoneri for the title in 1936, I called her up and told her I was buying her the gray house with the big back yard and garden she had always admired.

I was bitterly disappointed after losing to Canzoneri. Up to that time I had never had a star bout in Manhattan, but had made quite a hit in bouts the previous summer at Ebbets Field, Brooklyn. The Commission came in for a good deal of criticism when I was named to meet Sammy Fuller of Boston after I had defeated Harry Dublinsky, a welterweight, in a ten-round test in the Garden.

FULLER had been rocking opponents to sleep with regularity. He had powerful forearms like those of a blacksmith and was a great knockout artist. I easily defeated him, so the match to determine the successor to Champion Barney Ross was arranged between me and Canzoneri. I just couldn't get started that night, so Tony easily outpointed me.

In a way I didn't mind losing to Tony, because he always had been and still is my boxing idol. I thought so much of him that once, when he was fighting Kid Chocolate in defense of his lightweight title away back in 1931, I came all the way from Herkimer to see him. When I left home at six o'clock the morning of the fight I only had $3.23 in my pockets. I beat my way to New York City on a freight train. I arrived in the Big City at four in the afternoon, and as a precaution I went to a Y. M. C. A. and registered for the night, paying seventy-five cents, so I'd be sure to have a place to sleep after the bout.

I thought that I'd be able to get a gallery seat for a dollar, but had to pay $2.20, and after eating a small meal just had three cents in my jeans as I watched Tony defeat the Cuban. I wasn't able to eat again until I got back home the next night. But I had seen my hero Tony in action and he fired me with real ambition to get to the top in the boxing world. As I sat watching the fight in the brightly lighted ring far below me I pictured myself one day being in the very same ring fighting for the championship.

My right name is Luigi D'Ambrosio and I was born on November 8, 1913, in Herkimer, and like my idol Tony Canzoneri am an Italian-American. I had to go to work when very young in a cotton mill and later in a furniture factory. It was while working in the last-named place that I first got the yen to box. There were two fellows working alongside me who picked up a few dollars each week boxing at outlaw amateur shows. I asked them to try to get me a bout, as I had learned the rudiments of the sport while boxing in the church basement.

Seven dollars was tops for these bouts. One night I developed a cauliflower ear. I didn't know what to do for it, so I went to a doctor, who drew the blood out of it. As I had to box three nights later, I didn't give the ear a chance to heal. I must have had that ear lanced twenty times before I made up my mind to quit boxing until it was properly healed.

Between the ages of fifteen and twenty I spent most of the time riding the rods, hiking, sleeping in hallways, subways, alleys, and railroad stations. More often than not I didn't have enough to eat. When I got wet to the skin I had no place to change my clothes and no clothes to change into, as the suit I wore was the only one I had. The cuts and abrasions I received on the road and in the ring had to be cured by nature, as I had no money for doctors or trainers.

All the hard knocks that I received must have done me a lot of good, because when I reached twenty-one I had a fine healthy body, a stout heart, and plenty of stamina to throw off the hardest punches and to be able to go fifteen rounds at top speed.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 9

1—Anne Morgan.
2—A light grade of fuel oil.
3—Victor Herbert.
4—The Fédération Aëronautique Internationale, Paris.
5—Atlanta, Georgia; Augusta, Maine; Annapolis, Maryland; Albany, New York; and Austin, Texas.
6—Disinfesting aims to destroy pests, such as insects; disinfecting, to destroy germs.
7—In the Civil War, by both Federal and Confederate governments.
8—A cameo is carved in relief; an intaglio is hollowed out.
9—Sweden, with more than 6,000,000 population.
10—Iron.
11—Boston Hockey Club.
12—Alberta.
13—Half a pound.
14—Orange brown bordered in black with white dots.
15—W. A. Julian.
16—The Alabama.
17—"All wool" can be applied only to materials made entirely of wool, but a testing tolerance up to 2 per cent is generally allowed, according to commercial standards.
18—Earl Jellicoe.
19—Playwriting.
20— Stephen Early

It was the outlaw boxing that readied me up for my hard climb to the top, putting me in the swell position that I'm in today.

I had something like fifty bouts in the "amateurs," of which I lost only one decision.

Since entering the real pro ranks in 1932 I have only had one serious setback, and that was when Fritzie Zivic broke my jaw in the ninth round of our battle in Pittsburgh in 1935. I won the decision, but it was months before I was able to box again.

I date my success from the night that Al Weill, then matchmaker for Tim Mara for his boxing shows at the Polo Grounds and Yankee Stadium in New York, went down to Coney Island to see me box a good lad by the name of Tony Scarpati. It was a six-round semifinal and I won handily. Al asked me if I had a manager and I replied that I had a verbal contract with a fellow, so he made a deal with him for a 50-per-cent interest in me.

WHEN my agreement with the old manager expired, Al became my sole guide, first for five years, and recently we signed a three-year contract.

When I'm training for a fight I only eat two meals—a breakfast consisting of cereal, fruit, toast, and soft-boiled eggs after my morning road work, and supper at five, after my afternoon workout, consisting usually of carrots, spinach, broiled steaks, lamb chops, or chicken, and sometimes prunes for dessert. I usually suck an orange or two while being rubbed down. I believe in lots of road work and usually start off my boxing with six rounds a day, then tapering to four.

Punchers, such as Armstrong, never worry me. I've been knocked down on six different occasions, five of the times getting up and beating my opponents. The other time was when I first met Canzoneri. He floored me in our first fight, but I defeated him the next two times we met.

I have been criticized for getting right up after a knockdown. They tell me I should take advantage of the count. But when my trunks kiss the canvas, I say to myself, "Lou, that's no place for you," so I get up as fast as I can. It may not be the smartest thing to do for most boxers, but it makes me feel good inside to be able to get right up. No opponent can feel so pleased with his punch if you get right up.

They say all good things come in threes. The first of them for me was the recapturing of the lightweight title last August; the second was when I married my childhood sweetheart; and the third is going to be—I hope—when I strip Armstrong of his welterweight crown.

THE END

A NEW WEAPON FOR PEACE INSURANCE

How the U. S. A. can have a trained army reserve of 1,000,000 volunteers

BY SENATOR ROBERT R. REYNOLDS

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 3 SECONDS

> . . . we are in an armed world and without ascribing to or suspecting any nation of aggressive designs upon us, we live in a world which is at the mercy of incident.
>
> NEWTON D. BAKER,
> *Former U. S. Secretary of War.*

AMERICA wants safety and security above everything else.

In a world racked with chaos we look about us for the best means of preserving safety from foreign aggression, safety from treason within as well as from foes without.

We demand security within our own borders in order that we may hold our place among the nations of the world.

Europe bristles with bayonets. Rapid advance in science makes slaughter more efficient. International tribunals are rendered ineffective as peace treaties, and international agreements are scrapped with impunity.

We have found that co-operation in pacific efforts to prevent wars is not enough. We have seen the expensive lessons of the lack of preparedness. Our answer to the multifold threats to our security will be made when the concerted will of the American people demands that we have an adequate national defense with the necessary personnel and matériel to cope with sudden emergency and demand the uninterrupted respect of the rest of the world.

We must of course keep abreast of the times in mechanization and motorization. Man, not machines, makes war. The United States Senate munitions investigation revealed racketeering in armaments. We must curb the racketeer in armaments. A decent defense without capitulating to warmakers or arms racketeers can be achieved through intensive study and intelligent action.

I should like to make a suggestion for forging a new and invaluable weapon of national defense. This weapon would be the best peace insurance in the world—a weapon which represents the sum total of effectiveness in man power—a great Enlisted Reserve augmenting the Regular Army and other constituent reserve units.

Adequate protection depends upon the ability of trained man power to utilize effectively the engines of defense. By a properly organized and administered building up of our reserve units, we can avoid what might otherwise lead to extravagant expenditures for armament and onerous burdens on the taxpayers.

I should like to suggest that an Enlisted Reserve of 1,000,000 men can be built up out of the Civilian Conservation Corps enrollees, their enlistment to be voluntary.

Throughout our history we have depended on voluntary efforts to man our national army and to furnish personnel for the reserve units. I am firmly against involuntary militarization of units like the CCC. But here is an amazing source of reserve man power which can be utilized with little effort.

Designed as a relief project, it has been assiduously kept free from any characteristic smacking of militarization. Enrollment, organizing, feeding, and clothing the men are the chief tasks of the army. Some measure of discipline, by no means burdensome, is necessarily administered.

An educational program under competent advisers gives an opportunity for study and self-improvement which tens of thousands of these lads would never have enjoyed; and after six months of work and CCC routine, they are literally as "hard as nails." In military parlance, they are "processed" and would make admirable material for an Enlisted Reserve.

After the regular enrollment period of six months, I would suggest that those who volunteer should undergo an extra period of training for the length of time the War Department deems most practicable. The army could organize the training time in such a way that various periods are held throughout the year at stipulated camps, and necessary equipment is utilized to the greatest advantage. Such a rotating system of training for the Enlisted Reserve would also give an additional opportunity for practical periods for the Officers' Reserve Corps which is not now afforded.

We are occupied in a great program of domestic recovery. We are not going to allow munitions racketeers or internationalists to get us involved directly or indirectly with the troubles of Europe or Asia. And the only way to guarantee our safety is to have the personnel in the Regular Army and an active reserve standing ready to back up our words of neutrality. This adequate personnel through reserve units is our new weapon which we should forge in behalf of peace.

THE END

CAN HOLLYWOOD STAR

Four screen notables and an eminent author ponder a paradox of the films

BY JOHN ERSKINE

READING TIME ● 15 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

I ASKED Cecil De Mille whether Hollywood liked to be thought a beauty factory. He looked properly puzzled but really wasn't, having watched the processes develop by which good-looking girls and handsome boys are conditioned and groomed into movie material.

"Hollywood demands more than beauty," he said. "What it wants is personality."

When I asked the same question of Walter Wanger, he said the beauty cult is on the wane. In the first picture days it was natural to favor those who photographed well, but the introduction of sound gave opportunity to histrionic talent. What Hollywood wants now is good acting.

It is a little unfair to set these answers against each other, since Cecil De Mille prizes acting talent as highly as Walter Wanger does, and Walter Wanger does not underestimate the advantage of good looks; but the difference in phrasing emphasizes a question peculiar to the screen, a question posed by the wishes of the screen audience. Do we ask the picture star to be one personality or to impersonate many characters? Must our favorite remain always the same familiar individual, easily recognizable in all changes of costume, repeating always the same type of behavior, embodying for us a fixed ideal? Or do we welcome demonstrations of that imaginative skill which enables actors to project other characters than their own? And, if the picture audience thinks that an actor once raised to stardom is under an implied contract with the public to try nothing new, can an actor with a talent for impersonating widely different characters ever become a screen star?

I asked William Powell what he thought about it. His opinion carries weight because he is as familiar with the stage as with the screen and he represents picture stardom at its best, a strong personality and an excellent actor as well.

When I approached him, he was on the set where the latest installment of the Thin Man series is being made. It was between shots and he was surrounded by extras in picturesque costume and by technicians and stagehands. The studio had the stir of a dock just before an ocean liner sails. William Powell thought we could hear each other better if we moved over to a large open door on the edge of the hum. Some one offered a couple of chairs and, knowing the camera would soon need him, I plunged in.

"Do you like being a star, fixed in one type of part, or would you rather branch out and explore your talent?"

He turned on me the slight smile with which his fans are acquainted.

"What makes a star?" he asked. "When I look in the mirror I wonder why I'm a star, why I, instead of a hundred others."

"It's your personality," I suggested.

"It doesn't show in the mirror," said he. "But since the public is kind, I'm grateful and let it go at that."

"But wouldn't you like to do a variety of parts, different emotions, a wide range of character? Isn't the screen star in danger of becoming typed, of falling into a routine, not to say a rut?"

William Powell seemed unworried by routine, which is hardly avoidable in acting or in any other profession, and he is too alert an artist to get into a rut. But after he had tamed down the extreme note in my question, he agreed with it, at least halfway.

"An actor can be typed on the stage, as on the screen, you know. It *would* perhaps be better for my art if I experimented more, and perhaps I'd enjoy it, but after all, why rock the boat?" Again that wise smile of his. "The public have found one thing which in their opinion I do well, and perhaps that's what I should do. Why insist on variety—another way of saying on quantity?"

"Then you will always confine yourself to what you're doing now?"

"I'm no prophet."

"Would you say that the playing of many different roles would confuse or divide your public, and so prevent you from becoming or remaining a star?"

"I told you," he answered, "I don't know what makes a star."

I asked the same questions of Myrna Loy, co-star with William Powell in their latest picture, as in the earlier installments of the Thin Man series. She might have a different opinion, I thought, or a less cautious one, since she has shown a disposition to resist the typing tendency of the screen. She won the audience first in exotic roles, and she might still be playing Oriental maidens if that were all she wished to do. Instead, she entered a chapter of her career which was in danger of making her synonymous with a certain type of admirable wife, the woman who is good but just as attractive as though she were not.

And now, at the moment I talked with her, Myrna Loy had stepped boldly out of this type and in between Thin Man pictures had played Lady Esketh in Bromfield's The Rains Came. This interested me. If a screen star goes in for versatility the audience will become confused, not knowing in what direction to aim their admiration, and stardom will be exchanged for a career of great acting.

Miss Loy received me in the little parlor that adjoins her dressing room. I confess I studied her as though she were a character I might put in a novel. If personality is what Hollywood seeks, she's an answer to Hollywood's prayer. She is beautiful, as many people throughout the world know, but she is interesting first of all, I should say, for her intelligence.

These four—Myrna Loy, William Powell, Maria Ouspenskaya, and Gene Lockhart—have all proved their worth in pictures. Yet two are stars and two are not. Why?

AFFORD TO BE Good Actors?

When she talked her eyes gathered at the edges in the beginning of a smile, which showed also at the upturned corners of the mouth, but when I was speaking I looked up suddenly, from time to time, to study the keen gaze she fixes on you as she listens. She talks easily and expresses herself precisely — and leaves you wondering what is on her mind.

"Miss Loy, I'm trying to learn something about the art problems of the films. You don't object, do you, to my speaking of pictures as an art?"

"Not at all."

"As an art somewhat different from that of the stage?"

"I never acted on the stage," she said. "I began in pictures—Rudolph Valentino was the first to encourage me—and went from small roles to better."

"Always the same type of role?"

"I've gone through two phases."

"The exotic and the domestic," said I.

"Not entirely domestic. I've done Lady Esketh, you know. Lady Esketh isn't a domestic type. At the beginning of the story she's something of a tramp."

"Is it true that your fans protested against your acting such a character?"

"In large numbers. They're accustomed to me as the domestic type."

"Why did you make the change?"

"I thought Lady Esketh a fine part. I wanted to play it."

"Miss Loy, was that the impulse of a screen star or of a good actress? If the star begins impersonating a variety of characters, as the essential actor wants to do, won't the worshiping public be bewildered?"

"Why should it be?"

"I've been told it's personality that makes the star."

She smiled. "It's no handicap to know how to act."

"But doesn't your audience admire you for one personality, something you've expressed which they believe is you? Don't they go to a new picture to see again the personality they liked before?"

Miss Loy continued to ward off the question. "The audience does take a possessive attitude toward the stars they favor, and they protest in advance against a change of type, but perhaps they get used to the change afterward."

"And you think the actor isn't limited to a type—by the wish of the audience?"

"I haven't felt that limitation."

It wasn't clear to me whether she saw much point in my question, or whether she avoided the necessity of seeming different from other stars. She conveyed the impression that her career as an artist has been a happy one, that she has enjoyed the parts she has played, and that she will try a new type of role whenever she feels the urge.

In contrast to William Powell and Myrna Loy, both stars, I thought of an actor and an actress who today are held in high esteem by the picture makers and whom we constantly see in imaginative impersonations, Gene Lockhart and Maria Ouspenskaya. They know the theater from end to end and they have proved themselves just as effective on the screen, but it isn't likely that the public will think of them as stars, and the reason is plain—they are actors in the great tradition, they play many parts, they create personalities instead of exhibiting their own.

The result I can illustrate by two curiously similar incidents. In Algiers, Gene Lockhart played a native rascal who betrays a comrade to the police and is suitably punished by the rest of the gang. Lockhart has a strong talent for comedy and often appears in cheerful roles, but here he was entirely sinister.

When the picture was over I heard one of the audience ask who played that terrible person, and the program was consulted.

"Gene Lockhart! I declare!"

In the tone I thought I heard moral condemnation, as though something had happened to Lockhart.

In Conquest, in one unforgettable scene, Maria Ouspenskaya acted the old card-playing countess, a character which in other hands might not have been important, but which she made exactly as the story intended, a symbol of the aristocracy Napoleon displaced. Boyer played Napoleon, but we recognized Boyer. Garbo played his tragic love, but we hadn't the slightest doubt it was Greta Garbo. They were the stars.

Leaving the theater, I heard some one ask who played the remarkable countess. A companion said Ouspenskaya.

"Funny—I didn't recognize her."

Gene Lockhart has acted in musical comedy, in straight comedy, in tragedy. He has written plays, trained actors, coached productions. He is a guiding spirit in the Players Club of New York, and he is proud of the fact that the large game room of his Hollywood home is a natural meeting place for the Players now in the films. On the fringe of a merry party in that room I asked him about the personality cult of screen stardom, but he seemed not to hear the question. Perhaps he was preoccupied, as host, or perhaps he wasn't interested. Why should he be? An impersonator, a creator of types, would hardly give thought to the expression of his private personality.

Maria Ouspenskaya, a distinguished member of the Moscow Art Theater under Stanislavsky, has combined a stage career with the training of young actors, and this summer she moved her famous school from New

York to Hollywood. She let me ask questions as we sat on the veranda of the attractive new building, gazing at the magnificent view of Los Angeles in the distance.

“As a teacher of acting in the Russian tradition,” I said, “what do you think of the tendency to develop a personality in each screen star?”

“Why not? Personality does no harm. If you are a good actor it won’t get in your way.”

I laughed to hear such doctrine in Hollywood, but she was quite serious. “Young actors try to be a personality, but often that only means they have some peculiar fault, perhaps a terrible mannerism, and wish to emphasize it. That is what they think is personality.”

She was speaking of her pupils, not of Hollywood stars, but I recall the remark because it implies the ideal of the actor as impersonator, the putter-on of masks, or, in Hamlet’s image, the ideal of the mirror in which many persons are reflected rather than a fixed portrait of one alone.

I ASKED William Powell and Myrna Loy what problems a star encounters in learning a part and in the actual shooting of a picture. The question was prompted by contrasts I had heard mentioned when the screen was being compared with the stage. I also wished to learn whether picture conditions are the same for the star-personality and for the actor-impersonator.

William Powell answered with characteristic geniality and caution.

“I don’t know of any problems—not more than you’d find in other work.”

“You mean there’s nothing that could be changed, or should be?”

He thought for a moment. “I look over the script and decide whether I like the story. Then I study my part, come on the set when I’m wanted, take my place in each shot when the director calls for me.”

“But I’ve been told,” I said, “the way the pictures are necessarily shot, a fragment at a time, is hard on the actor.”

“I’ve never found it so. Your interest in what you are playing makes you wish sometimes you could go right on, but I wouldn’t say it’s hard on the actor to stop.”

“Arthur Hornblow says,” I commented, “pictures are never performed; the film is made up in the cutting room, a composite of many rehearsals.”

He nodded. “Something like that. You can correct mistakes as you go along, rearrange the lighting, perhaps adjust the camera for the next sequence. The method has evolved out of experience.”

“I’ve been told also,” I said, “the actor like yourself who has had his training on the stage misses the inspiration of the audience when he acts in the studio.”

This idea seemed to rouse William Powell rather more than anything else we had discussed. “But there is an audience on the set! How about all these people?”

To tell the truth, the extras standing around at that moment, together with the directing force, the camera crews, and the stagehands, added up to a very respectable audience indeed.

“And they’re the most critical audience in the world,” he continued. “They know your good and your weak points, and they watch and listen like cats. Very expert cats. I like screen acting.”

I have no doubt that he does. I remember my talk with him as a glimpse of a fine personality—not altogether in the screen-publicity sense; he is loyal to this new art which for better or worse is bound up with popular taste while its possibilities are as large as the combined arts and technical skills of our time can make them. I was pleased rather than discouraged by what I thought was his disposition to defend pictures a little from the inquiries of an outsider like me.

Myrna Loy was equally content with the star’s routine in preparing for a new role and in making the picture. She sees the whole script, has a free choice of what she will play, enjoys the work on the set. Since she has never acted on the stage, the two- or three-minute shots don’t annoy her. Like William Powell, she thinks there is an important audience on the set. She added, what I heard many times in Hollywood, that from the impression of the studio, you can guess with considerable accuracy whether the picture will succeed—as the stage actor and dramatist can guess from the first-night audience.

PERHAPS you noticed that both William Powell and Myrna Loy mentioned the fact that they are allowed to read the script—all of it, the other parts besides their own. You may have noticed also that this privilege seems to be accorded not for the sake of an intelligent performance but because the star has a right to say whether the story is suitable. Otherwise the director would be perhaps the only person on the set who knew the plot. For, believe it or not, those actors who are not stars are often kept out of the secret. They won’t necessarily learn the plot from the scenes they appear in, and the scenes may not be shot in sequence. By asking questions of their friends, however, they can with industry piece together what it is all about.

Whether you know the story of the picture you are working on is one of the chief tests by which Hollywood classes you as a star-personality or as an actor-impersonator.

Naturally I asked Gene Lockhart and Maria Ouspenskaya about this. Gene isn’t the kind of person who can long be kept ignorant of anything he wants to know, and he has his own method of thwarting Hollywood’s conspiracy of silence, but he didn’t tell me the formula.

On another point, however, he was very explicit, and what he said interested me particularly, because he disagreed with Maria Ouspenskaya. The two- or three-minute shots, he said, were annoying to one who had been trained on the stage; an actor gets up emotional momentum and shouldn’t be interrupted more often than is strictly necessary—and extremely brief shots are not necessary. He was glad to note a tendency to make the shots longer.

With this view Maria Ouspenskaya was entirely out of accord.

“Why is it hard for any one to act two or three minutes?” she asked. “If you cannot act two minutes, how can you act twenty?”

“Don’t you need time to warm up?” I asked.

“What do you mean, warm up? Are you talking of acting or of life? On the stage we must—what do you say?—warm up every night when the curtain rises. If I am supposed to be angry the first words I say, then I must be angry every evening at eight forty-five. But that is the actor’s art—the same degree of anger, the same tone of voice, the same look on the face. Warm up! No, I’ll tell you what could be better in pictures—they could tell us what kind of part we have, how it fits in the story.”

“Don’t you always know the play before you act it?”

“On the stage, yes. But on the screen—not unless you are a star.”

“How about The Rains Came?”

“Ah, what a fine part that is!” she exclaimed. “How I enjoyed doing it! Of course I did not know the plot, but I read Mr. Bromfield’s novel and supposed the picture must be like it. Then I read about the position of women in India until I knew a little what kind of person was a maharani. As soon as I could feel in myself the emotions of a maharani, I was ready to learn the lines. But it would have saved me time to know first the whole play.”

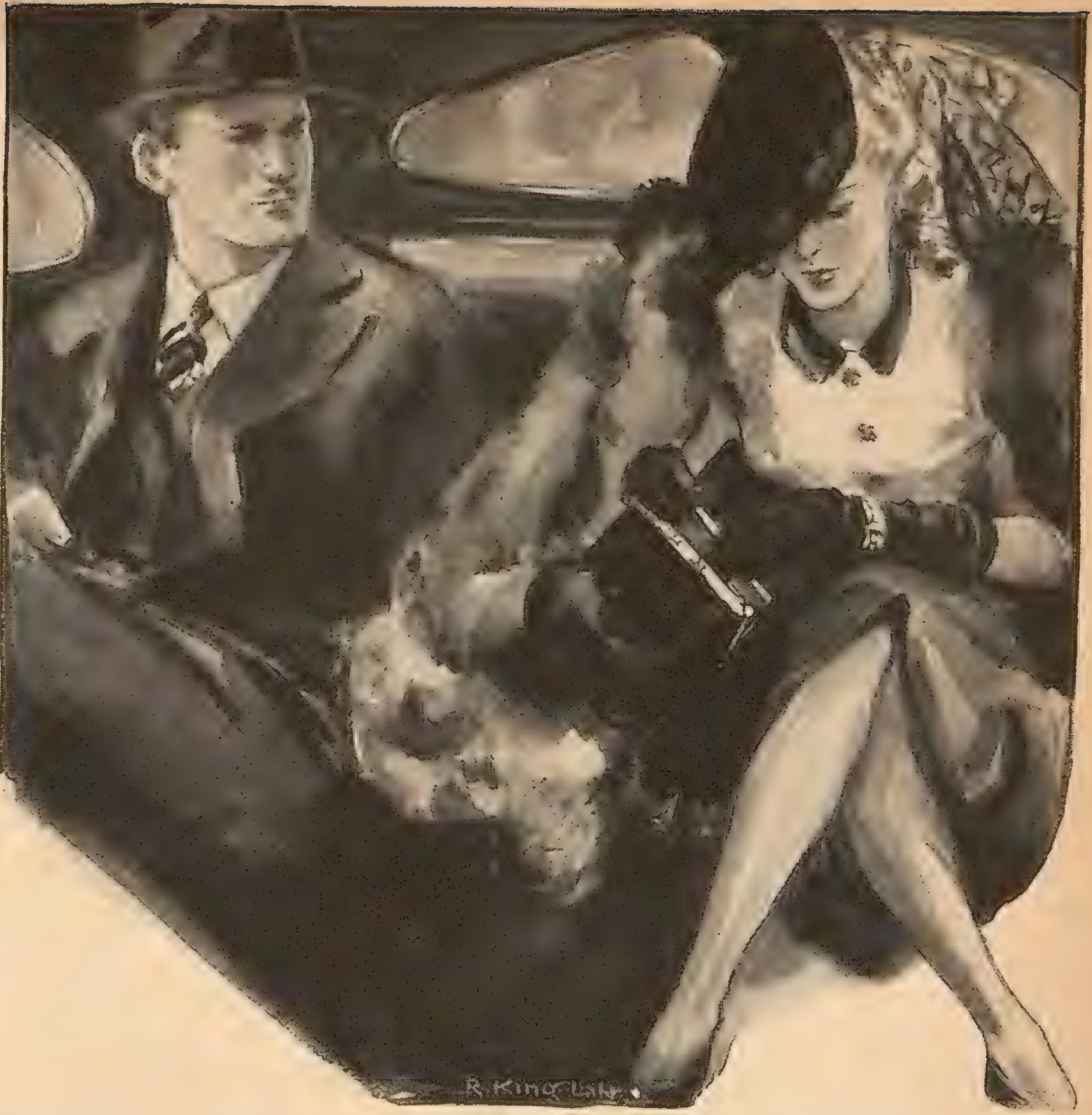
“What improvement would you suggest?”

SHE leaned forward with a certain eagerness. “If we could have a reading of the script before the whole cast, as we do on the stage, and then perhaps a quick rehearsal of the play, all the acted part—I wouldn’t insist on rehearsing the rain. They say it would be too expensive because of salaries, but on the stage we rehearse for half salary. Or if the pictures can’t afford such a reading, such a rehearsal, who knows? Actors are interested in what they are doing. They might come around anyway, just to hear what is going on.”

I pause here with Maria Ouspenskaya’s words in my ear. She has trained stars, she is training a new generation of stars, but she will not be one. That is, not on the screen. The screen honors her as a great actress, but because she is an actress rather than a star, she is not told what the picture is about. But she can always ask the star, who may possibly have been her pupil.

THE END

A LION BY THE TAIL



She opened her bag and Alley thought she was going to powder her nose.

Card-prowess wins again—An ingenious comedy of a sleuth, a sharper, and a girl

By the Famous Bridge Maestro

SIDNEY S. LENZ

ILLUSTRATED BY R. KING LAHR

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

"TAXI?"

"Yes."

As Elie Alley stepped into the cab, the driver leaned over for his instructions. At that moment the door was pulled open and a young lady got in, slammed the door, and the cab proceeded on its way. It seemed strange to Alley that the pretty girl with golden hair and baby-blue eyes did not sense that the cab was occupied.

She opened her handbag and Alley thought she was going to powder her nose. But instead she turned and addressed him:

"I am sure you won't mind accompanying me, Mr. Alley, to meet a gentleman who is very anxious to see you."

Her voice was sweet and gentle, quite at variance with the menace of the revolver she held in her hand.

"I hate to appear such a savage," she continued, "but it really is important. You will note that Mike, in front, driving his borrowed taxi, is also on the job."

Sure enough, pistol in hand, the driver grinned through the mirror.

If Elie Alley, special investigator, was perturbed, he did not show it.

"It's sweet of you," he said, "not to make me put up my hands. My wallet is in my waistcoat pocket, and I assure you I haven't a gun about me."

"That's fine," the girl replied. "We will get along O. K., if you don't start anything."

The car traveled on at a good pace and before long they were off the main highway. Alley estimated they had gone about thirty miles when the car suddenly turned sharply and pulled up in front of a one-story house that was almost hidden from the road.

The driver got down, opened the door, and motioned his passengers out. They entered the house. At a card table in the sitting room sat a large good-looking man playing solitaire.

"Nice work, Babe," he commended.

The girl smiled. "Mr. Alley," she said, "your host, Harry LaValle. I think you have met before."

"Of course," said Alley. "How's everything, Harry?"

"Not so good, Elie. Sort of up against it. That's what I wanted to see you about."

Harry LaValle had led a checkered career as bootlegger, racketeer, and gambler. On a transatlantic crossing he had been involved in a shady card game that would have turned out profitably if Alley had not been on board the ship to straighten things out.

"It's this way," continued LaValle. "Babe—the wife—and I want to quit these diggings and try out the Far West. We need a stake, and it's only fair that you take the rap because you cost me ten grand on that trip."

"And if I refuse, you're going to mess me up?" said Alley.

"Well," replied LaValle. "Babe is too softhearted to knock you off, but I can fix it to shanghai you on a tramp steamer for a couple of months."

"This looks to me like an ordinary snatch," said Alley. "Of course you call it a loan, but I stand a good chance of losing my money. As a straight business proposition I might consider five thousand, but that's my limit."

"Couldn't do it," replied LaValle. "Ten grand is my rock-bottom figure."

"If that's your last word," said Alley, "I'm afraid we can't do business."

It looked like an impasse. Then LaValle had an idea.

"See here, Elie," he said. "I have always heard that you are the finest deductive bridge player in these United States. Until I married Babe I thought I was tops, but now I take off my hat to her. We held a hand the other day that really was a pip. If you are game I'll speculate with you for the five grand. It's a contract you can make by correct play."

"All right. I'll shoot the five."

LaValle took a memorandum book from his pocket and handed Alley a deck of cards. As LaValle called off the cards, Alley put down the east and west hands:

♠ NONE	♠ A Q J 8
♡ A K Q J 7	♡ 9 5 3
◇ A K Q	◇ J 3
♣ A 7 6 5 3	♣ K 9 4 2

"You are playing the hand at six hearts," said LaValle. "The bidding went like this: Your hand started with two hearts. North and South did not bid at all. East declared two spades. You now showed the clubs and naturally arrived at a small slam in hearts. The opening lead was the four of hearts. South played the eight and three rounds of hearts cleared up the suit. From this point you are on your own."

"Looks like a neat set-up," said Alley. "Would you care to hear my reaction on the distribution?"

"Sure thing," replied LaValle. "But you will pardon us if we don't cry 'hot' or 'cold.'"

"You misjudge me," said Alley. "Of course the four missing clubs are all in one hand, or there would be no problem. Conceding one club would make it a cinch. Again, the king of spades cannot be in the hand that holds the four clubs. That is apparent because with ten top-card tricks in sight, not counting spades, the throw-in on the last club at the eleventh trick would force that hand to lead away from the guarded king. Too easy—for five grand."

LaValle made no comment but he seemed a bit worried.

ALLEY now played two more rounds of hearts, discarding two clubs from dummy and noting that South gave up two diamonds. On the next trick, the queen of diamonds, South discarded a low spade.

"That's the fatal play," remarked Alley; "but a club would have been immediate suicide."

A low club was led, North was void and dummy won with the king. The ace and queen of spades followed, Alley discarding from his hand the ace and king of diamonds.

The queen of spades was won by North's king and the ten fell from the south hand. North returned a low spade, but Alley played the jack from dummy and South dropped the nine. The last three tricks were the eight of spades, the jack of diamonds, and the ace of clubs.

"You almost fooled me with the ten of spades," said Alley reproachfully. "Lucky I know that Babe is a fine player and would have stuck me in the lead with the diamond if she had held the nine of spades."

Alley had played the hand the only way that it could be made on this distribution:

♠ K 7 6 5 3
♡ 4 2
♢ 9 7 6 5 4 2
♣ NONE

N.

♠ NONE ♡ A K Q J 7 ♢ A K Q ♣ A 7 6 5 3	W.	E.	♠ A Q J 8 ♡ 9 5 3 ♢ J 3 ♣ K 9 4 2

S.

♠ 10 9 4 2
♡ 10 8 6
♢ 10 8
♣ Q J 10 8

At the sixth trick, South was shown with nothing left but black cards. Had the clubs been with North, then the spade play would have placed the lead with South. Having only spades to return, the result would have been the same, except that West would have retained the diamonds and discarded the losing clubs.

"Mr. Alley," said Babe admiringly, "you certainly have not been overrated as a bridge player. How about a return match?"

"What! Do you want me to play another hand?" asked Alley in mock dismay. He turned to LaValle. "Tell you what I'll do. Bet me the other five thousand and I'll let *you* play one."

"I should say not," quickly replied LaValle. "I got to work for my dough. But if you fix up a hand, I'll gamble the works on Babe."

Alley took the deck and after a few minutes' maneuvering said, "All you need is to win one trick against a grand slam in no trumps. It's in the cards if you play them right."

"How does the bidding go?" asked LaValle.

"I start with clubs, my partner bids diamonds, and I finish up with seven no trumps. Babe has the lead."

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Entries close December 15, 1939.

Alley gave a hand to each of his opponents and Babe sorted her cards:

♠ Q J 10 5
♡ K Q J 7 3
♢ K J 10
♣ 7

"Could you give me a hint on the opening lead?" coaxed Babe.

"Oh, no," Elie answered. "That's really the important thing."

"That's all I wanted to know," she replied. "Would you care to hear my reaction?"

Alley grinned as he said, "Sure thing. And I'll give you 'hot' or 'cold.'"

"Well," said Babe, "the king of hearts is the preferred lead and the queen of spades is a good second. The singleton club is not bad on a grand-slam declaration. The worst lead is the king of diamonds—so I'll lead that card."

"Great Caesar's ghost!" cried Alley. "Babe, you are hot. I was a sucker to buck a woman's logic."

He now exposed the dummy hand:

♠ 9 6
♡ 10 8 5
♢ A 9 8 7 6 5
♣ 10 9

The ace of diamonds had to be played. LaValle dropped the two and Alley played the—queen. He then led a low heart, which he won with the ace, followed with the king of spades and a deluge of six top clubs. On the seventh club lead Babe was down to four cards: the high heart, high diamond, and the queen and jack of spades.

LaValle had followed to three clubs and had discarded two spades and a heart. Dummy had given up three diamonds and a heart.

Babe considered for a moment and gave up the jack of diamonds, which appeared to be the correct play.

"Too bad," condoled Alley. "I have the three of diamonds for a re-entry into dummy."

"Something phony here," said LaValle. "How could we beat the hand?"

"Easy enough," said Alley. "It was merely a pseudo-squeeze. If the heart had been discarded, I would have been set two tricks. But on any other opening lead, I would have had a true squeeze that could not be defeated, as you will see by looking over the deal."

♠ 9 6
♡ 10 8 5
♢ A 9 8 7 6 5
♣ 10 9

N.

♠ Q J 10 5 ♡ K Q J 7 3 ♢ K J 10 ♣ 7	W.	E.	♠ 7 4 3 2 ♡ 9 6 4 2 ♢ 4 2 ♣ 8 4 2

S.

♠ A K 8
♡ A
♢ Q 3
♣ A K Q J 6 5 3

WHEN the high diamond was led, my card of re-entry in dummy was taken out and I knew I was sunk unless I could befog the situation, so I chucked the queen as my only chance left."

"I still think Babe didn't have a fair show," growled LaValle.

"Right you are," assented Alley. "But you are the guy that messed up the hand."

"What do you mean?" cried LaValle. "Bet you five hundred that my bust hand had nothing to do with the play."

"Put up your money," said Alley, counting out five hundred dollars.

LaValle covered it.

"Your discards," said Alley, "were the only thing Babe had to guide her. If your discard on the first club had been the four of diamonds, the three would have been the only diamond unaccounted for. It would have been marked in my hand, because there was no earthly reason why you should throw away the four and retain the two." He looked at the girl. "Babe," he said, "take the thousand and buy Harry a teething ring."

THE END

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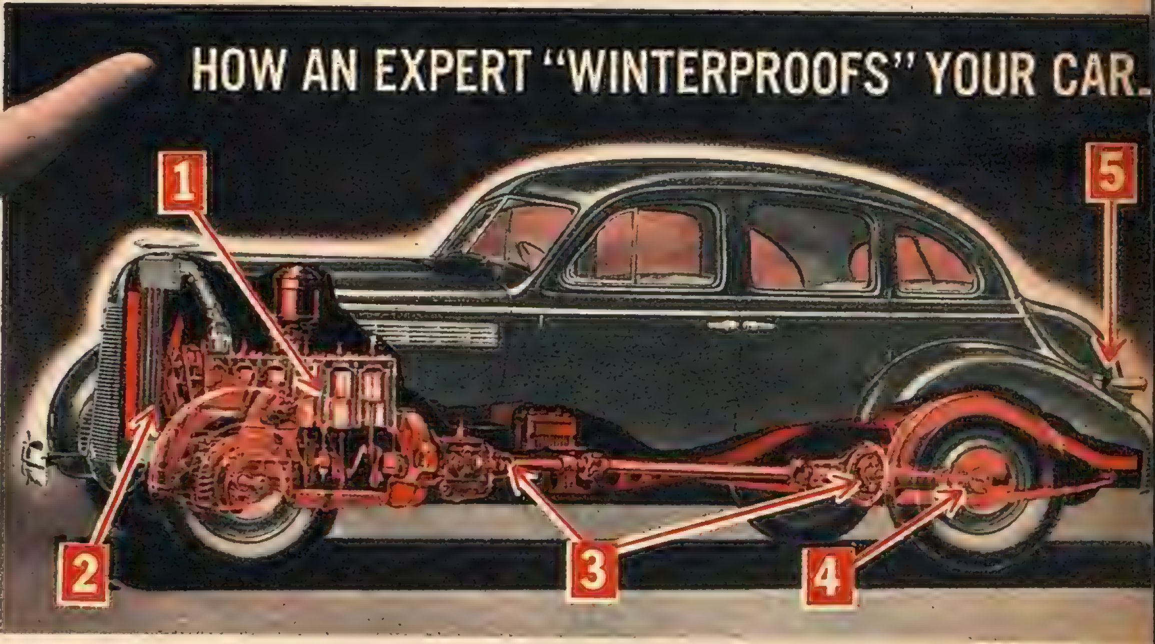

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THE LIFE STORY OF THOMAS E. DEWEY

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 41 SECONDS

Thomas Dewey's successful fight against the racketeers who preyed on the people of New York resulted in his nomination for District Attorney of New York County on the Republican ticket in 1937. The Fusionists and the American Labor Party also named him. Dewey was thirty-five at the time.

Plunging into the campaign with characteristic gusto, he opened the eyes of the public to the tie-ups that existed between politicians and the criminal world. His most sensational radio speech came on October 24, when he named Albert Marinelli, County Clerk of New York and powerful leader of the Second Assembly District, as a "political ally of thieves, pickpockets, thugs, dope peddlers, and big-shot racketeers." About a month later, Marinelli resigned his County Clerkship, which had paid $15,000 a year.

Dewey won the election—to the astonishment of the Tammany machine—and took over the District Attorney's office at midnight on December 31, 1937. He reduced expenses and made a complete reorganization to increase efficiency. Before long his office was feeding four grand juries.

Then, on March 10, broke one of the greatest financial scandals ever known in New York.

PART SEVEN—A RAID THAT MADE HISTORY

RICHARD WHITNEY, wealthy member of an honorable family and former president of the Stock Exchange, was accused of grand larceny. His firm failed for $2,000,000, and it was shown that, among many illegal transactions, he had dissipated a trust of $105,000 belonging to his own kin and a fund of $103,000 in securities belonging to the New York Yacht Club.

Dewey's office stepped swiftly and dramatically into the case by indicting Whitney, arresting him, and holding him under $10,000 bail. On further information, Whitney was rearrested within twenty-four hours and his bail raised to $25,000. Sewell T. Tyng took charge of the case and made what Dewey calls "a magnificent presentation of it." In a masterly memorandum to the Court, reproduction of which covered a whole page of the New York Times, he asked the Court to impose "a substantial and punitive sentence."

Whitney fell like a giant oak, changing the whole financial horizon. With little delay, he pleaded guilty to Dewey's charge that he had stolen $105,000 from his father-in-law's trust fund. He pleaded guilty also to the Attorney General's charges, and both prosecutors moved to end their duplication of effort. Whitney was sent to Sing Sing for from five to ten years at the very time when Dewey was saving that nineteen-year-old Negro youth from being framed by a white policeman.

In the potpourri of cases coming into the office one notes the jailing of the treasurer of a club at Princeton for embezzlement; the Levine kidnaping and extortion mystery; a wild-Western battle between police and bandits trying to hold up the Howdy Club in Greenwich Village, in which two of the three bandits and one policeman, Moruzzi, were wounded. A girl witness committed suicide. The policeman died. The three bandits were indicted for murder and later convicted.

A thorny problem always at hand was the business of making recommendations as to the paroles of convicts. Previous District Attorneys had simply dodged the issue by writing, "No recommendation." Dewey assigned Tyng to the reorganization of this important and difficult work. He wished to make it "useful and human."

Dewey said this of it: "In spite of all the talk of its evils, parole can be made to work if it is honestly administered. If you don't believe in the possible rehabilitation of a man who has gone wrong once, you ought to send him to jail for life for stealing an apple. Surely no one holds such a view as that."

Other questions of general policy involving the whole framework of human justice engaged his attention and profited by his wisdom and humanity.

Invited to address the Legal Aid dinner of the Bar Association of the city and the county, he stirred the hearts of the members by appealing for the vast army of defendants who had no funds. A third of those indicted for felony in the last year had

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Whitney . . Davis . . Hines!—Now a stirring chronicle tells the heartening tale

BY
RUPERT HUGHES

ILLUSTRATED BY MONTE CREWS

no money for a lawyer or for preparation of a defense. "This is the crucial point at which our system breaks down and needs your urgent attention."

The Legal Aid Society had been for sixty years supported largely by members of the bar and had maintained a small group of lawyers, known as Voluntary Defenders, for impoverished defendants. They had handled 26,000 civil cases, but only six lawyers had been available for the 2,400 criminal cases, of which only 389 had been assigned to them by the Court. Over 1,200 felony cases had been assigned to a group of "benchwarmers, most of whose offices are in their hats." The result is "a tragedy and a farce."

He cited one instance where a woman, brought before a magistrate on charges of vagrancy, told so pitiful a story that the magistrate not only discharged her but gave her five dollars out of his own pocket. As soon as her lawyer got her out, he took the five dollars to "complete his fee."

Dewey astounded the lawyers by a kind of sporting proposition: Each of them, however rich or famous, should volunteer to handle four or five cases a year for nothing, just as a doctor devotes part of his time to a free clinic. He proposed a Senior Panel of volunteer counsel from which some gifted trial lawyer could always be selected, and also a Junior Panel of recently admitted lawyers, each of whom would, for the sake of experience, give a month of his time every year. Dewey had already secured the promise of a number of law firms to permit their junior members to take these one-month assignments and to pay their salaries while they were so engaged. He had secured the promise of several eminent attorneys to serve on the Senior Panel.

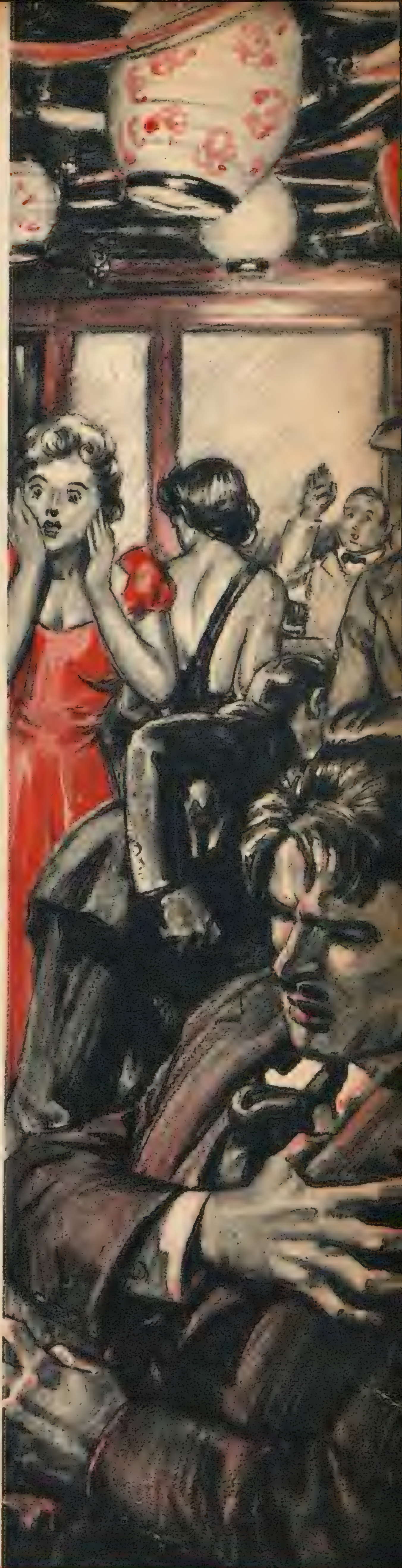
The plan was received with warmest enthusiasm, and endorsed by such men as Henry L. Stimson, Charles E. Hughes, Jr., George Z. Medalie, and Harrison Tweed. It was put into practice at once. The shyster lawyers began to avoid the courts where they had congregated like buzzards.

In none of Dewey's achievements does he take keener pleasure and pride than in the establishment of those two panels of the Volunteer Defenders. They are entirely a child of his brain and, more especially, of his heart.

He did not succeed in filling his full quota of assistants until May 13, 1938. And then he called them all together in conference for the general understanding of problems and procedure.

He said: "Every place that I go people tell me about what they hear of my office. One man tells me that I have a wonderful staff, and the next man tells me I have a bunch of Boy Scouts. I say both things are true. I give thanks for the Boy Scouts because they are the only kind of people who will work hard enough to enforce the law. . . . With the exception of a few mature men, the way to run a prosecuting office is to have men whose futures are ahead of them and not behind them.

"With regard to policemen: In January they felt doubtful about this fresh new staff. In February and March they developed a wholesome respect for the office. . . . But a middle-aged policeman does not like to



There was a wild-Western battle between police and bandits trying to hold up a Greenwich Village club.

series of swift and smashing blows in a brilliantly fought campaign against crime come down here and be told curtly by a fresh young lawyer to sit down and he will see him when he is ready. It may be that he is just a cop to you or to other people. On the other hand, he gets $3,000 a year or more from the City of New York. He has for many years seen young ambitious Assistant District Attorneys come and go; and he is still on the job. He frankly isn't much flattered by not being treated like a gentleman of senior years and long experience. I earnestly urge you to remember that most of them were here before you were public officials and are going to be here after you are no longer public officials.

"It is very urgent that you remember that you have been thrust into a position of power at a very early age. . . . You have got to get along with the New York bar; you have got to get along with business men; you have got to get along with your witnesses. And the judges. I think it was all too common practice for our predecessors to treat the judges as though they were boys from the same clubhouse."

As an *entremets*, he mentioned the fact that convictions obtained by his office had already reached the highest percentage in history—70 per cent. His predecessor had boasted because his 50 per cent was much higher than even the famous William Travers Jerome had reached.

He praised his Complaint Bureau for handling 30 per cent more business than in the past, and 50 per cent more hearings. And he counseled patience.

"You can't make a trial lawyer overnight. You can't make a racket investigator overnight. Don't get the idea that six months on any assignment has put a gray beard on you. Ten years ago I spent two years on one assignment, and still had a lot to learn. If at any time a change in assignment occurs and you don't like it, come and see me. That is my business: that's what I'm here for.

"We have had more letters than I have ever seen in any public office—we have at times what seems like a deluge of letters—saying that our assistants were extremely courteous. People never get any courtesy in most public offices. This is a mighty nice indication of the way the men in the office are treating the public."

HE spoke of office hours and night work. Most of them worked three nights or more a week and thought it hard, but he said he knew of "no New York lawyer who amounted to anything who didn't work ten or more hours a day. . . .

"You represent the District Attorney of New York County in the courtroom, and you are absolutely on your own, and I want everybody here to feel perfectly free to use his discretion when he is in a courtroom. . . .

"But, remember, you are public officials. And don't discuss your cases at lunch, in the washrooms, on the streets, or with anybody outside. I repeat that warning. Do not discuss your cases outside of the office."

The eagerness for efficiency at any cost of consecration and self-forgetfulness explains why, as William B. Herlands said to the writer:

"Dewey's outstanding quality is his ability to inspire endless personal loyalty as well as official loyalty. I don't think the rackets investigations would have been successful unless the men had sacrificed time and health and merged their own personalities in Dewey's."

In June he was awarded an LL. D. by Brown University, and in his speech there pleaded for the divorce of law enforcement from politics, political machines from the underworld, and municipal government from political racketeers.

There was never a greater enemy of improper publicity. He would give no help to the dramatizations of his work. He made no effort to prevent or censor the gangster films and plays in general that seemed to be based on his work, but he refused to profit by them. He has expressed his high appreciation of the zeal of Will H. Hays in using his influence, and successfully, to prevent any cinematic exploitation of any of his activities. He and Hays worked closely together for some time before the producers finally gave him up and listed him among their taboos.

But he was building up enmity and opposition as well as trust and cooperation. On February 2 the Democratic State Senate passed a bill to abolish special panels—called in unjustifiable derision "blue-ribbon" juries, as if they were made up of "silk-stocking" snobs, when in fact they are simply made up of persons who have had previous jury experience or have expressed their freedom from certain prejudices. Dewey opposed the bill. Many judges and eminent lawyers joined him, and it was finally killed.

As a result of his external policies toward the public and internal policies toward his own staff, he kept his office going at such an increasing pace that on July 5 three more grand juries were impaneled to replace two that were dismissed. Two others were retained. He now had five grand juries at work.

At the end of his first six months as District Attorney the office was able to publish an astounding record of achievement: the highest percentage of convictions in the Court of General Sessions in history, so far as statistics were available.

Already in May the Republicans had demanded that he permit his name to be put up as their candidate for Governor. But already in May he had attacked the highest of the higher-ups in city politics.

When Dutch Schultz took over the bigger banks in the policy business, it was not a racket and was grossing only $25,000 to $30,000 a day. Under his monopolizing skill and powerful political protection, the net business grew to $63,000 a day—$20,000,000 a year. This was later proved by Dewey in court.

This vast amount of money was taken mainly from Negroes in Harlem, most of them desperately poor.

When Dewey was Chief Assistant United States Attorney, one of the first persons he prosecuted was Henry Miro, who had evaded his income tax on $130,000. Miro's lawyer was J. Richard Davis, who was destined to have much more conflict with Dewey.

In going over Miro's papers Dewey had come across Miro's handsome gift of silk shirts to the powerful James J. Hines—an odd thing, and one "when found to make note on." It hinted that Hines might have been taking part in the protection of individual policy dealers. Dewey had also prosecuted the policy king Brunder for evasion of an income tax on nearly a million dollars, and sent him to the penitentiary.

THESE cases against Miro and Brunder had been the first important attacks in many years. At that time there were ten or fifteen different kings and princes running the policy business in Harlem, and grossing, as the evidence established, ten or fifteen million dollars a year. That sum was big enough to interest the rapacious eye of Dutch Schultz.

It took him several murders to get the policy business entirely subdued. Before long Pompez, Miro, Brunder, Ison, and the rest were working for him. There was only one banker outside his realm. James J. Hines was taking a vacation in Hot Springs. When he came back, he managed by his genial genius to take Schultz and his rival, and their business, under the protecting wings of his immense political power. This partnership of Schultz and Hines was consummated in 1932.

Hines was so potent and so obliging that, with his consent, Schultz let it be known what a friend he had in Tammany. Within six months the take rose from $33,000 a day to $63,000.

Among the petty lawyers who hovered about the policy game before Schultz came in was Dixie Davis, a small-town boy who made good in the big city, worked his way through law school, and then, as Dewey said in a later speech:

"He branched out for himself, hanging around the Magistrates' Court, handling little policy cases. He came to know the little fellows in crime. He established a law office in the back room of a bail-bondsman's office, and from a professional fixer he learned the ropes. Soon he became known as 'the Kid Mouthpiece.' He shouted in the courtroom, but in the back room he whispered. And his clients seemed to go free with increasing regularity. By 1930 this youngster had become in three short years the leading lawyer for the policy boys."

It was only natural that such a

clever young man as Davis should finally attract the attention of such a clever young man as Dutch Schultz, and in 1932 Davis became not only Schultz' lawyer but also general counsel to his criminal enterprises.

A new District Attorney was to be elected in 1933. Hines, who had been building his power and control over public officials for thirty years, decided to put his friend Magistrate Dodge in office. He secured not only large financial contributions from Schultz but also the usual troop of thugs to vote far and wide as floaters and to drive timid voters from the polls. Thus he secured the election of Mr. Dodge, whom Hines called "stupid, respectable, and 'his' man."

Dodge conducted an investigation of policy. The only thing strange about it was that the policy folk arrested were all so petty that they were easily replaced while on their brief rides. All the higher-ups were singularly immune.

The game went on, and only one thing about it preyed on the strange soul of Dutch Schultz: there was too much uncertainty in the business.

Even Schultz did not dare cut down the sacred and traditional odds, but he hated to pay money out. He kept fretting about the possibility of making sure of that fatal final number.

Out of the clouds came a mysterious figure who granted Schultz his wish. This was a strange genius, a lightning calculator, Otto Berman, called "Havasack" or "Abadaba," who was an official handicapper and had access to the computation room of the pari-mutuel machines at some of the race tracks where he was wasting his unique abilities. He was taken into the racket and all was smooth. Now the final number could be changed to suit any emergency.

Abadaba was paid $10,000 a week, and used part of it on his last-minute bets and the greasing of certain important palms. Dewey's office proved the payments to him by the original documents of the telegraph company that transmitted the messages.

After the bankers had made lists of all the thousands of policy slips brought in by their "collectors," and added up their totals by adding machines, they would find which last numbers had been most heavily played. Schultz' man, George Weinberg, would promptly call up Abadaba at the race track and give him that number. By this time the first six races had been run. Only the seventh remained, but that was enough. Abadaba kept his eye on the board showing the betting odds and the grosses, and he had means of learning the final figure. If it were unfavorable, he turned in last-minute bets that changed it. Consequently some other number, which only a few had guessed, would be announced for the pay-off.

The policy game was now a huge pyramid. At the bottom were the hundreds of thousands of bettors heaping their nickels and dimes on a few thousand collectors; above them were a few hundred controllers; above them a few bankers; above them the select mob of lawyers, runners, and disciplinary gunmen; above them Hines and Schultz in dual glory.

But still Schultz' greed was not quite sated. The business was expensive. He decided to cut down the low percentages of his collectors.

With a last show of independence, they went on strike. These illegal solicitors actually hired a hall, packed it, and openly denounced their employers. For three days they shouted about their rights. It was almost as if a thousand burglars had held a convention in an open hall.

Even the politicians could not curb those noisy collectors. They finally forced Dutch Schultz to restore the old scale of wages. Which made him very petulant.

For cheating, he punished his right-hand man, Jules Martin, who was running the restaurant racket for him, by fatally shooting him in the mouth, to the great distress, anxiety, and indignation of J. Richard Davis, who was an eyewitness. Even Hines, who rushed to Albany at Schultz' behest, was so miffed when he heard just what had happened that he snubbed Schultz cold and went back to New York.

For three years Dewey as Chief Assistant United States Attorney had conducted the investigation of Dutch Schultz, and procured his indictment in 1933. Schultz became a fugitive,

WHO HELPS MOST AT CHRISTMAS TIME?

IN THE RUSH and excitement of Christmas Time, shopping and parties bring fatigue. *Energy* is what we need to carry on. To replenish food-energy, remember Baby Ruth—the big 5¢ candy bar, so pure and delicious, so rich in Dextrose, the sugar your body uses directly for energy.

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Dextrose
THE SUGAR YOUR BODY USES DIRECTLY FOR ENERGY
CURTISS
Baby 5¢ Ruth
HELPS TO FIGHT Shopper's Fatigue
Baby Ruth
CANDY IS DELICIOUS FOOD

running his various enterprises from hiding, and did not return to public life until after Dewey had left the federal office.

So Dewey's successor, whom Roosevelt appointed, Martin Conboy, conducted the trial of the income-tax case. One jury disagreed, and a second acquitted Schultz way up at Malone, New York. But, the very month that Schultz was acquitted in the Federal Court, Dewey was brought out of private practice to be made Special Prosecutor for the County of New York.

IT was in August, 1935, that Dewey's newly created office began its widespread investigations of many rackets, including policy. Schultz kept out of his reach. It is a well grounded belief that long hiding from the law and troubles with his men had thrown that none too sane mind off balance. At least, it is known that in the summer of 1935 several of Schultz' trusted men disappeared for good. And it is reported that an equal number of heavy trunks were carried from his hotel room during that time. And then, in October, 1935, the murderer was murdered. But the racket carried on.

Almost at the outset of his long racket probe in 1935, Dewey had assigned his assistant Charles P. Grimes to the policy investigation, with a small squad of detectives, trusted policemen, accountants, and investigators.

When Schultz was killed, and Dixie Davis was in hiding, the game went on, with old associates of both Schultz and Lucky Luciano in control: George Weinberg, John Cooney, " Trigger Mike " Capolo, " Cheeks " Cellari, and others.

After eighteen months of work the Dewey men were ready to throw a net over the entire policy crowd in one vast sweep. Such a raid had never been attempted before.

The policy men were the most wary of criminals. They knew all the tricks of detectives, all the wiles of shadowers. The seizing of one had always sent the rest off in all directions. Hence the first problem was to find a cage for those who were to be captured, so that they could send no warnings to the rest. Police stations were out of the question, since newspapermen are always there and the neighborhood is always interested. Dewey resolved to create his own station house. A study of upper New York provided the ideal spot and it was owned by the city: the famous Claremont Inn, on Riverside Drive near Grant's Tomb, a popular resort in summer but boarded up in winter. And this was January, 1937. With the co-operation of Robert Moses, Park Commissioner, under whose wing the Claremont was, Dewey provided the old inn with the necessary telephone service for his men and with necessary comforts for his expected guests. He concealed even from most of his detectives the grand rendezvous, and had them meet at another spot, supposedly for a raid on another racket. Since he needed reinforcements of policemen, Commissioner Valentine gave him a squad of " rookies " from the Police Academy, who would presumably have no political or racketeering connections. They were told to telephone their families that they would be absent for the night, then were taken to the Claremont in small groups.

Sergeant Grafenecker divided the detectives and the rookies into squads, each under a detective with sealed instructions to be at a certain place at exactly 6 P. M., then read his letter and strike sharply. At Claremont Inn, Dewey and some of his staff, Captain Dowd, and Sergeant Grafenecker waited for telephonic news from the battle front. First came word that the Pompez bank had been seized, but by an unlucky chance Pompez was absent. Learning that his bank and bankers were captured, he fled to Mexico. Ison was known to be already in France.

Car after car swirled into the driveway and deposited its freight of men and women. Each guest-in-spite-of-himself-or-herself was questioned at once by a member of Dewey's staff. Each lied, of course; but all grew anxious as they saw what a convention of old associates had gathered.

A few of the guests began at last to chatter. Little by little they gave evidence enough to convict Pompez and Ison, and strong evidence against other members of the Schultz mob, against Miro and Brunder. Dewey now had a fairly complete picture of the whole racket, and he finally convinced the ladies and gentlemen in policy that they were not the objects of prosecution, and their eventual freedom depended on frankness and honesty. Refreshments were served, and when the party was over the guests were taken to prison cells.

The newspapers were dazed by the entire procedure and by the ability of Dewey's staff to prepare and perfect such a wholesale raid: to swoop down on all the rat holes, capture sixty-five men and women, then vanish with them. Dewey had made no noise before, during, or after his raid, and the policy fold could not be sure who had been captured, who had escaped, or, more terrifying still, who had begun to talk.

Sol Gelb and Mrs. Eunice Carter were assigned with Grimes to the case. Six months followed of the hardest work in breaking the balance of the arrested sixty-five, capturing those who had eluded the raids, getting evidence collected, evaluated, and arranged, indictments prepared, and a brand-new thing in criminal law made ready for the ordeal of the courts. Pompez, Ison, Schoenhaus, George Weinberg, and Dixie Davis were all named in the indictment which was finally handed up.

Pompez was in Mexico and six months' clever work by detectives was necessary to find him. It was after almost incredible difficulties that his whereabouts were discovered. He was arrested and held for extortion under the treaty with Mexico. Pompez was an American citizen and Grimes had to invoke the aid of Ambassador Josephus Daniels to get an American citizen expelled from Mexico. This took time, and it was September, 1937, before Pompez decided to dismiss his expensive lawyers and come home.

By this time Dewey had been nominated for District Attorney, and the news of the surrender of Pompez came in the midst of the campaign.

The whole nation was interested in his campaign, and Dewey, in one of his radio speeches, called for somebody to bring in the elusive Dixie Davis: " Five thousand dollars reward is offered. Not for Jesse James, not for Billy the Kid, not for the hold-up of the Deadwood stage, but for a young New York lawyer who betrayed his profession and turned gangster and is now a fugitive from justice. . . .

" The man I am talking about is J. Richard Davis."

DAVIS has since told how he used to sit by the radio, in his concealment, and listen to Dewey's campaign speeches. One night he heard his own name rolling out at him.

" Dewey's sentences slashed me to the marrow," Davis says. " What made it worse was that he talked of me sympathetically, as if I were some misguided kid."

George Weinberg, who was hiding out with Davis, had agreed with him that Dewey could never be elected because he could never carry Jimmy Hines' own district, since Hines was " the most powerful individual political leader in New York."

To the stupefaction of the gangsters, Dewey was elected. And carried Hines' own district! Thereupon Davis and the others burrowed deeper into concealment.

One mysterious person heard that offer of $5,000 for Davis. His name—or hers—has never been disclosed; but he or she sent word to Dewey that Davis could be found in a certain apartment in Philadelphia.

Grimes, Grafenecker, now a lieutenant, and Detectives Canavan and Cashman hurried to Philadelphia. They kept the secret even from the local detective assigned to guide them, until they reached Davis' apartment, surrounded it, and rang the doorbell.

By an extraordinary stroke of luck —good or bad, according to the point of view — George Weinberg had dropped in for the night and was sleeping on the living-room couch. He answered drowsily:

" Wait till I put something on."

Grafenecker called through the door: " The next thing you put on will be a coffin, if you don't open up. It's the law."

Then Grafenecker and his companions rushed in to what might well have been a blast of machine-gunnery. They waited only long enough for Dixie, his sweetheart Hope Dare, and Weinberg to put on their clothes. The three captives spent the rest of the night in separate cells, while Grimes was conferring over the telephone at 3 A. M. with Dewey. The extradition papers were issued the next morning.

Dixie Davis' legal wife rushed to Philadelphia to weep over him and offer her aid, but he declined to see her. He was as true to Hope Dare now as she had been to him. He offered to waive extradition if she were released. But she was under no charges, and she sped to New York, where she tried desperately to find some of her rich admirers who would put up the enormous bail in which Davis was held. She failed, and Dixie and George were soon in New York, deposited in the gloomy Tombs.

After a while in the Tombs, Weinberg wrote a letter to Grimes seeking an interview. Grimes and Gelb answered it in person, and Weinberg made it plain that he might be induced to turn state's evidence. They did not discourage this impulse. A day or two later Weinberg said that Dixie Davis wanted to converse. They did not refuse him the privilege.

Davis calls Grimes " our Nemesis " and says of his moral suasion, "It wasn't torture but it was psychology." Instead of thumbscrews, the rack, and threats of hell on earth and hereafter, the Dewey system consisted in revealing some of the evidence already accumulated, exhibiting the charms of freedom and fresh air, and also indicating that the jig was up.

Weinberg broke first. He promised to plead guilty and tell what he knew. Suddenly the missing Harry Schoenhaus, secretary-treasurer of the Schultz gang, surrendered. He too decided to plead guilty and testify. But Davis would not be persuaded. He had a serious throat affliction, infected tonsils, and Dewey secured permission from the judge for Davis to visit an outside doctor, who began to peel his tonsils. He was kept under guard, of course.

It is a rule of the Tombs Prison that inmates may have only one suit of clothes with them. After each of the doctor's painful treatments Davis was in a state of perspiration so severe that there was danger of his catching cold, perhaps pneumonia, if he went back to his cell in wet clothes. So he was taken to Hope Dare's apartment, where he kept some extra clothes. To Dewey's office the health of Davis was precious now. Of all things they did not want him to die. They wanted him to think of them as his best friends, worthy of his warmest confidence—and confidences.

Suddenly, on May 25, 1938, the evening newspapers brought out the biggest headlines that had ever greeted an act of Dewey's. These words towered across the continent:

DEWEY ARRESTS HINES!

With painstaking care, the District Attorney builds his case against Hines. Read next week of the dramatic trial that stirred a nation, of a judge's amazing decision, and of the effect it had on Dewey's political career.

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dear...it looks like a new car for Xmas"

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Send the coupon below. Get the General Motors Instalment Plan Figuring Chart. Sit down with that chart and a pencil for just a very few minutes of easy, simple calculation. You can *figure out for yourself* what it will cost you per month to buy the General Motors car of your choice by this open-and-above-board, *low-cost,* time-payment plan. Then—Merry Christmas!

Remember—no salesman will call. Just a prompt return of this simple chart that lets you know what you get and *what you pay . . . before* you buy.

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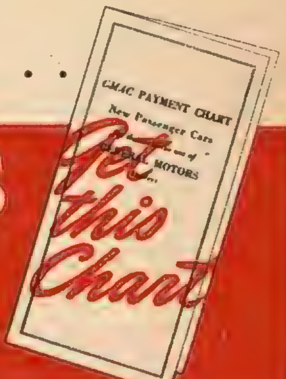

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To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

WHEN you get to be famous, your name will be stock in trade to a New York service bureau organized last year through the collaboration of a hurricane, an Ohio aunt, and two young men from Atlanta, Georgia. After that statement a little explaining seems to be in order, so here it is: . . . Fresh from college (Harvard and Oglethorpe), Earl Blackwell and Ted Strong bucked the New York literary game from a modest Long Island cottage. The big blow of September, 1938, swept their cottage to sea and marooned them, flat broke, on the hard city rocks of Manhattan. At that luckless time along came a prosperous aunt from Ohio, eager to watch celebrities at play among the smart spots. Earl and Ted wore their phone to the bone finding out where famous people were dining and dancing, so they could take auntie to see. From that ordeal they conceived the idea for their rapid-fire business enterprise—*Celebrity Service*. It has reached quick success. Now their *who's where* bulletins go out, five days a week, to newspapers, hotels, picture agencies, and selected private subscribers. No divorce lawyers or process servers need apply. . . . The service is strictly restricted to purposes of good will. Consulting his bulletin, the composer Cole Porter whiled away tiresome hours of a long illness by calling up friends at night clubs and pretending he too was making merry. For impressing out-of-town guests the service works wonders. With advance information, you can point casually to "Mutti" Dietrich or Bob Taylor at near-by tables, as though you were *such* a habitual gadabout around the haunts of the haughty.

☆ Wise stars use off-the-stage names while transacting real-estate deals or buying hats; but realtors and milliners aren't averse to publicity. They hand out quiet tips as to where their celebrated customers can be located. Catching up with shy stars isn't difficult, as a rule. Two of the toughest to find, when they feel like hiding, are Ginger Rogers and Margaret Sullavan. A lady seeking Irene Dunne sent a chocolate cake to Celebrity Service, saying she used to bake them for Irene when they were neighbors. Irene tasted the cake; remembered the lady; said, "I want to meet her again. *That's* a cake!"

☆ Whatever your thoughts about fighting may be, you can't keep war out of your wardrobe. Already the conflict in Europe is dictating new fashions. Daytime dresses are losing their carefree swing because narrow skirts require less fabric—a wartime economy. Latest French evening gowns have shorter skirts to permit a quick getaway at the sound of the air-raid alarm. Ladies of Paris and London now take the Gas-Mask Hair-Do—hair sleeked across temples and brushed up behind to facilitate gas-mask donning. Colorful house coats for evenings at home are enjoyed by war-working women to help them relax and forget the uniformed duties of the day. . . . Since fashion invariably echoes great events, these war styles are sure to reach us sooner or later. Probably we'll see a revival of the famous *garçonne* dress worn everywhere just after the World War. According to legend, it was created and popularized by a noted French dressmaker whose lover had been killed in battle. She vowed she'd put all womankind in mourning for *her* man, and she nearly succeeded in doing so. During the 1920s almost every smart woman on earth owned one of those sadly simple black dresses.

MAKE-UP
KISS

"See what I mean? It comes off!"

☆ We all know we ought to wear woolen underthings to football games or any outdoor event in cold weather. The problem is what to do with them when we go to cocktail parties and after-the-game affairs in warm houses. Frosty old Russia solved this—even in bachelor establishments—by always supplying a *panty tree*—a discreetly screened hanger on which the girls could dispose of their health protectors. Sensible custom.

☆ This week I'm beginning a series of three turkey recipes—three turkey dinners all from the same bird. Save these recipes and they'll show you how to make your Christmas turkey go a long, savory way. I must warn you, however, that the usual roast turkey is not included. We start with a *Vermont Turkey Dinner*, prepared as follows: . . . Remove skin from breast of plump uncooked turkey, and with sharp knife divide breast meat into even slices not quite ½ inch thick. Dip slices in beaten egg, then bread crumbs, then again in egg, and again in crumbs. Chill 1 hour in refrigerator. Fry brown in hot butter or oil. Have cooked brown rice ready (it should be nice and dry, the kernels separate, not stuck together). Mix 1 cup creamed mushrooms with each 2½ cups rice. Add 1 tablespoon minced parsley; pile rice on hot platter; lay fried turkey fillets on top. Garnish with slices of fried apple that have been sprinkled lightly with maple sugar while frying. . . . Next week's turkey dinner will be Old English. Week after that I'll give you one from the Gold Coast of Africa, where turkey dishes—I have learned, to my surprise—make favorite native feasting.

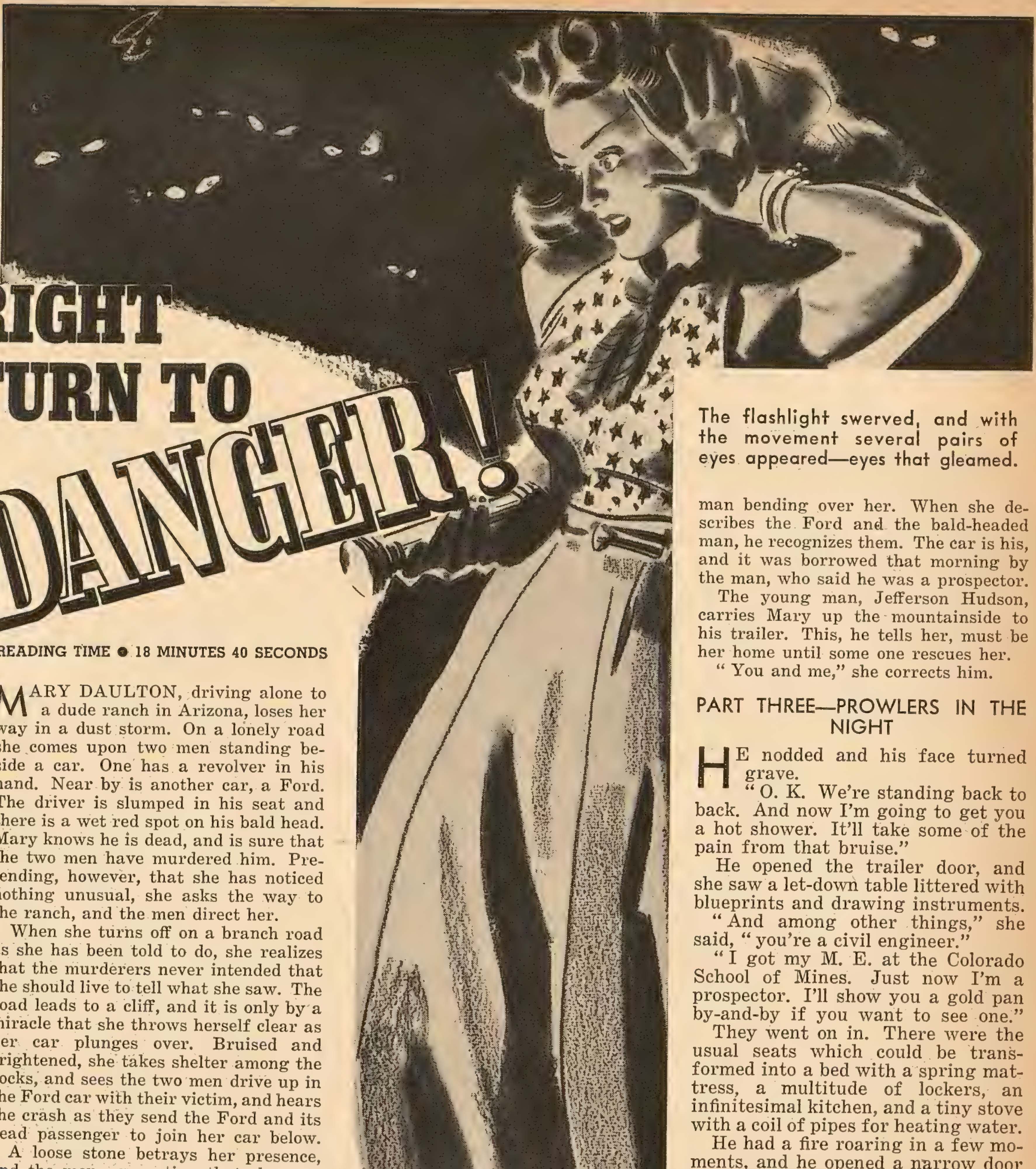
☆ Good reading: Hortense Odlum's autobiography, A Woman's Place. . . . She operates a large metropolitan women's apparel shop. (Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.)

RIGHT TURN TO DANGER!

Darkness brings terror . . . and a tense adventure nears its climax

BY FREDERICK R. BECHDOLT

ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD ELDRIDGE



The flashlight swerved, and with the movement several pairs of eyes appeared—eyes that gleamed.

READING TIME ● 18 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

MARY DAULTON, driving alone to a dude ranch in Arizona, loses her way in a dust storm. On a lonely road she comes upon two men standing beside a car. One has a revolver in his hand. Near by is another car, a Ford. The driver is slumped in his seat and there is a wet red spot on his bald head. Mary knows he is dead, and is sure that the two men have murdered him. Pretending, however, that she has noticed nothing unusual, she asks the way to the ranch, and the men direct her.

When she turns off on a branch road as she has been told to do, she realizes that the murderers never intended that she should live to tell what she saw. The road leads to a cliff, and it is only by a miracle that she throws herself clear as her car plunges over. Bruised and frightened, she takes shelter among the rocks, and sees the two men drive up in the Ford car with their victim, and hears the crash as they send the Ford and its dead passenger to join her car below.

A loose stone betrays her presence, and the men, suspecting that she may have escaped, start searching for her. Protected by the rocks and the dust storm, she runs until she faints from exhaustion. She comes to and finds a good-looking, roughly dressed young man bending over her. When she describes the Ford and the bald-headed man, he recognizes them. The car is his, and it was borrowed that morning by the man, who said he was a prospector.

The young man, Jefferson Hudson, carries Mary up the mountainside to his trailer. This, he tells her, must be her home until some one rescues her.

"You and me," she corrects him.

PART THREE—PROWLERS IN THE NIGHT

HE nodded and his face turned grave.

"O. K. We're standing back to back. And now I'm going to get you a hot shower. It'll take some of the pain from that bruise."

He opened the trailer door, and she saw a let-down table littered with blueprints and drawing instruments.

"And among other things," she said, "you're a civil engineer."

"I got my M. E. at the Colorado School of Mines. Just now I'm a prospector. I'll show you a gold pan by-and-by if you want to see one."

They went on in. There were the usual seats which could be transformed into a bed with a spring mattress, a multitude of lockers, an infinitesimal kitchen, and a tiny stove with a coil of pipes for heating water.

He had a fire roaring in a few moments, and he opened a narrow door which disclosed the shower.

"The water will be hot," he promised, "by the time you get your clothes off. You'll find a mackinaw jacket in that closet, and you'll want it as soon as the sun is out of sight. There are safety pins in that drawer beside you to mend your slacks with, and a bottle of liniment in the first-aid kit."

The water was piping hot and she reveled in the shower's unexpected luxury. When she rejoined her host outside a half hour later, she was redolent of liniment and the pain in the bruise had begun to subside. He was sitting beside a huge rock bowl near the little stream; it was more than ten feet in diameter, and the stones of which it had been fashioned were so cleverly laid that the interior was as smooth as the surface of an egg. There was a thick pillar of hewn oak in the center; on top of this a long sweep. One end of the sweep bent down to the bottom of the bowl, and a lump of dark lava which had been polished by long use to glassy sleekness was lashed to it by strips of rawhide.

"What in the world is that?" Mary asked.

"That," he said, "is an arrastra. You hitch a burro to one end of that sweep and drive it around; the rock on the other end crushes the ore. You wash the free gold out of the powder in a pan."

"And did you build it?" she persisted. He shook his head.

"The men who built it have been dead for years, but I'm going to make my fortune from it."

She sat down beside him. The dust storm had subsided and the shadows were creeping across the wide flatlands far below them; the long lights were fading before their slow advance. Jeff was pointing across the amphitheater.

"See that tunnel portal?"

She discovered a black hole in the mountainside at the head of an abandoned waste dump.

"It's the old Palmetto Mine," he went on. "That's where the gold came from."

"Tell me about it," she demanded.

"Later on." He rose as he made the promise. "I'm going to start supper now. You sit here and watch those lights change down in the valley; it's worth seeing."

It was, she thought, as she watched the lights merge into shadows and the shadows deepen to purple dusk two thousand feet below. The sky had turned green on the horizon; the ragged mountains were as black as crape and two or three stars were glowing above their serrated summits when Jeff called her.

SHE ate her first chile con carne that evening, and the meat was jerked beef; she tasted her first sourdough biscuits; and she learned that dried apples still existed.

"If I'd known company was coming," he apologized, "I'd have gotten a good meal; but you caught me unprepared. I just got back this morning. I've been away four months, making a stake to buy this trailer and my tools."

After supper, when the dishes had been done and the dining table folded down against the wall, they sat under an electric lamp whose generated current he explained to her bewildered wonderment, and he told her the story of the bold men of the Palmetto Mine: how they had come here in the days after the Civil War and made that road to haul their tools up the mountainside; how they had held the place against Mexican bandits and Apache war parties.

"I've found their rifle pits all around," he said. "They took out a million dollars, and they crushed the high-grade ore in that arrastra, but they never cleaned up when they left. Maybe they were driven out or maybe they went away and couldn't get back for some reason. Anyhow, I've sampled the ground where the tailings lie, and it's rich."

They sat there while the darkness settled down upon the mountainside, and she listened to the tale of his high hopes. There was a great deal which she could not understand, for geology was a closed book to her; but the seeking out of the earth's hidden treasures held her spellbound, and she was leaning forward, with her eyes upon him, when he stopped in the middle of a sentence. He was frowning, peering out of the window. She turned her eyes into the darkness, and it was broken by the beam of a flashlight. The yellow spot vanished as abruptly as it had appeared.

Mary thought of those two men who had tried to send her to her death a few hours ago. Jeff rose abruptly. He picked up a flashlight from the drafting table. He said:

"I've an idea your boy friends are coming to see you."

THE trailer's door was at the rear, and so, when they departed, the length of the vehicle intervened to hide them from the intruder. It was black dark outside, and two shafts of lamplight gushed from the windows which faced the creek. They united in a pool of radiance within whose area everything stood forth in bright relief: a pick and shovel; an iron mortar and a pestle; the gold pan which Jeff had promised to show Mary; and, farther on, a plank which bridged the stream.

The two of them were standing in a patch of bear grass beside the old arrastra a few yards away from the little pool of golden brightness. The only sounds were the faint murmur of running water and the stirring of the night breeze. Then a mockingbird sang half a dozen full-throated notes among the willows, and ceased. A moment later the flashlight reappeared. It was rising and falling in time with the footsteps of the invisible bearer. Mary felt Jeff's fingers sinking into her arm.

"Down," he whispered. She dropped on her knees, and the whisper came again: "Flat on your belly!"

She stretched out as he had directed. The flashlight swept the spot where she had been standing, and went out.

A voice said, "All set!"

It was not much louder than Jeff's whisper had been. It was so close that Mary stopped breathing and she felt a queer prickling sensation on the back of her neck. The man who had uttered the command appeared as suddenly as if he had materialized out of the night—a black shape outlined against the stars. He walked through the bear grass, and she could hear the coarse stems brushing against his legs as he passed her. He vanished in the gloom beyond the trailer.

The next few seconds were so still that she could hear her own breathing, and then the knob of the trailer door rattled. Immediately after that a flood of lamplight descended upon the spot where she and Jeff were lying. She had a brief glimpse of the man before the doorway. He was standing so that his face showed in profile—a dark face, and there was a straight lock of black hair hanging beneath the visor of his cap; there was a sharpness in his features that made her think of a hawk. A little man, one hand was on the knob of the door and the other was holding a black automatic pistol. He was peering into the trailer. He said:

"They took a powder on us, boys."

HE went inside and turned off the electric light, and Jeff whispered, "Now! On your hands and knees. Stick close behind me, and don't make a sound."

It was perhaps twenty yards from the grass patch to the shelter of the willow thickets which bordered the creek; but she lived through a long period while she was making that brief distance, and when she rose at Jeff's whispered command within the dense shadows of the thick trees, she could have cried aloud with relief at the ending of the ordeal.

"Hang on to my coat," Jeff bade her. "We're going across the creek."

She felt the cool touch of moist air and the faint music of the running water was in her ears; she caught the heavy odor of the stream. And when they were midway across the narrow plank the mockingbird started singing again. She thought it was strange that it could sing when she was in such deadly fear. A moment later they were on the other side. The darkness was dissolving a little; she was able to see the flank of the rock dump a few yards farther on, and the black loom of the mountainside beyond it.

There was a spot just ahead of them where the shadows were so deep that they appeared to be solid. Mary's heart stopped beating as she looked at it, and she remembered the footfalls which she had heard on this side of the stream. Jeff halted so abruptly that she collided with him, and the sable spot became a man.

He turned toward them and started to say something, but he did not finish the first syllable, and the sound ended almost as soon as it had begun—an inarticulate *A-ah*.

It was interrupted by the dull clip of a fist striking bare flesh. Mary did not realize that Jeff had stirred until she was conscious of that blow. The willow branches cracked; the man had vanished.

Jeff whispered, "Snap into it!" She fled behind him, and a wave of warm air from the rock dump enveloped them.

"Keep your head down," Jeff bade her. "Don't make a sound." Then they were climbing up the dump.

The sharp granite fragments bit through the thin soles of Mary's sandals. Her breath was almost gone and her head was reeling when they reached the summit. She would have fallen then if Jeff had not slipped his arm around her; she felt his breath against her cheek.

"Steady," he whispered. "Just a little way now."

The mountainsides loomed black above them, crested with scattered pines. Some one trod upon the gold pan down there among the willows, and the clatter seemed loud enough to wake the dead.

A bass voice announced plaintively, "You've spilled the beans, George." And another voice said: "Some one got Charley. He's out cold."

Two flashlights showed, swooping through the night like big fireflies. The bright beams streaked back and forth. There was a crashing in the willow thicket.

The flanks of the two mountains converged, forming the head of the amphitheater, and sable shadows cloaked the top of the dump. Mary was able to distinguish an old ore bin and a pile of thick mine timbers beside it. She saw a pair of headlights down on the flatlands. As she was gazing at them, Jeff dragged her on; but before she turned away the yellow lights were beginning to climb the grade where he had carried her that afternoon.

A few moments later the two of them were in the portal of the tunnel. It was so black in here that the night outside was pale by contrast. The bent form of a man was clearly recognizable. It was the swarthy little man who had gone into the trailer, and he was coming straight toward the spot where they were standing.

RUDE timbers formed an arch that held the living rock. The air was heavy with the curious lifeless odor which seeps out from deep passages.

"I've been wondering," Mary said. "Do you think these are the men who were hunting me this afternoon?"

"They didn't come up here to make a hand at bridge," Jeff reminded her. "And it's not likely there'd be two gangs of crooks in these hills at the same time."

"But this man," Mary persisted, "wasn't with those two that I met on the road today. And why did he turn the light off in the trailer?"

"Don't ask me to figure that breed out—what they do or why they do it." Jeff's voice was heavy with contempt. "We may as well go on inside," he went on. "There's a drift that turns off from this tunnel a hundred yards or so ahead, and there's a place at the end of it where twenty men could hide. We can wait there till daylight. By then these birds will give it up as a bad job and go home."

The tunnel had gone in along the vein, following its windings, and when they had taken a dozen steps they were out of sight of the portal. He turned on the flashlight then and they made better progress; but the

LOOK WHAT I MARRIED!
1. DARLING, YOU'RE GETTING TO BE AN AWFUL STAY-AT-HOME! WHERE'S YOUR OLD-TIME SNAP AND SPARKLE? AND THAT REMINDS ME —
2. THEY TELL ME WE'VE GOT TO HAVE VITAMINS FOR PEP—AND I'VE FOUND A SIMPLY GRAND BREAKFAST CEREAL THAT'S EXTRA RICH IN TWO IMPORTANT VITAMINS — B AND D. IT'S CALLED KELLOGG'S PEP. WE'RE HAVING IT TOMORROW
3. BREAKFAST NEXT DAY —
SAY! PEP WOULD BE SWELL EVEN IF IT NEVER HAD A VITAMIN! THE CRISPIEST FINEST-FLAVORED CEREAL WE EVER HAD. JUST WATCH ME GO FOR IT FROM HERE ON!
Kellogg's PEP
IF YOU, TOO, HAVE LACKED VITAMINS — DISCOVER THE GRAND THINGS THEY CAN DO FOR YOU! AND TO HELP GET YOUR VITAMINS, EAT DELICIOUS KELLOGG'S PEP FOR BREAKFAST — CRISP, CRUNCHY FLAKES OF BRAN AND OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT, DELICIOUSLY FLAVORED AND ENRICHED WITH VITAMINS B AND D. GET IT AT YOUR GROCER'S. EAT PEP EVERY DAY, AND SEE IF YOU DON'T HAVE MORE ZIP AND ZEST!

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!*

**Pep contains vitamins B and D. Each ounce contains 1/5 of an adult's and 4/5 of a child's daily requirement of B, and about 1/2 the daily requirement of D.*

passageway was so narrow that there was barely room for them to walk side by side, and there were places where the jutting rock forced Mary to follow him. And once, when she came to a spot where the roof was low, she struck her head against the overhanging granite. She would have fallen if he had not slipped his arm around her.

"Poor kid," he said, "you've been taking a hard beating." There was that in his voice which gave her comfort, and when he removed his arm a few moments later she missed its firm pressure. She was resentful at herself for that, and because she didn't like to confess its cause her resentment immediately turned upon him.

THE bad leg was really tuning up now. They had reached another of the narrow stretches. She was limping along behind him, feeling sorry for herself and angry at him because he strode along so freely with that flashlight in his hand while she was stumbling in the shadows. And just then they rounded an abrupt turn. Immediately the air was filled with fluttering shapes; she felt the wind from beating wings and something squeaked beside her ear.

Jeff said, "Bats. They won't hurt you."

She heard the first word and that was all. She was lying face down when he found her. Her arms were wrapped around her head and she was sobbing with terror. He picked her up very gently.

"I am a fool," he growled. "I should have known. I'm sorry."

She said, "Please don't take your arms away."

"Only one of them," he promised. "I've got to hold the flash."

She tried to laugh. "I guess I'm jittery—"

"Who wouldn't be?" His voice was still rough. "I don't like bats myself. Nobody does."

He kept his promise about the arm and they went on without more words. The beam of the flashlight traveled ahead of them, revealing ragged buttresses and the recesses where the blasting powder of the old-timers had torn deeply into the granite, and finally they came to the mouth of a huge pit.

"That winze," Jeff informed her, "goes down a hundred feet. They took a couple of hundred thousand dollars in high-grade from it. Off to the right here is the drift."

She took the flash from his hand, and she was looking up the winding passage when she heard him swearing under his breath.

"Put out that torch," he ordered.

She was fumbling for the button, and Jeff was dragging her away with as little ceremony as if she were a sack of meal. She caught a glimpse of a thin stream of light cutting the darkness between them and the tunnel portal. Just then her finger pressed the switch and blackness closed in around them. When she was able to get her breath again, she was squeezed in behind a set of timbers at the mouth of the drift, with Jeff beside her.

The spot where they had been standing a moment before was bathed in brightness. The lens of the oncoming torch was like a radiant eye. The footfalls of the man who bore it had a curious hollow sound, as if they were echoes instead of reality. He was walking on the balls of his feet; his slight body was leaning forward, as if he were ready to spring at the least sound. She watched him with the cold fascination of an unlucky bird which holds its eyes upon an approaching snake.

He reached the brink of the winze and he came to a halt. He stood with his head cocked like the head of a listening bird, then he turned into the drift.

There was a moment when it looked as if luck was going to come their way after all, for he went straight on by the set of timbers where they were hiding. It may have been that one of them moved, or that some subtle sense warned him of their presence.

In the swift sequence of the strange events which followed, Mary did not have the oportunity to learn just what it was that stopped him and made him whirl around. She saw his lips part and the white line of teeth behind them, and Jeff leaped away from her side so suddenly that she had to seize the timber to keep from falling.

The little man backed away with the smooth unhurried swiftness of a gliding cat. The long shadows reeled drunkenly as he shifted the torch to his left hand. His right hand darted under his coat, and reappeared clutching the butt of a flat automatic pistol.

He said, "As you were, brother. Don't stir." His voice was quiet; there was not a shade of inflection in it. He had come to a stand now, and Jeff stood fast.

"Nobody's going to hurt you." The little man was speaking as calmly as if he were asking Jeff for a match. "Not if you're good. It's some one else we're looking for."

Mary was the first of the three to see the four flashlights as they came into sight around the turn between the drift and the tunnel portal. The sound of voices reached her ears, and panic seized her. She was slipping out from behind the timber when the little man glanced around. His torch clattered on the rocks while she was taking the first step. The shadows danced madly as it rolled away. Then it went out, and the narrow chamber was filled with the noises of the pair who struggled on the floor.

SHE was running up the drift, and the fear which had sent her had become despair. She was stumbling through the underground blackness. The voices behind her swelled to a brief tumult; then suddenly they ceased. She was certain that Jeff was dead. She remembered how he had come upon her. That was only a few hours ago—it seemed as if it were years. She remembered how he had picked her up and carried her away.

The drift was sloping upward and the rock was oozing water. Her sandals were sodden and the bruise on her thigh was throbbing terribly. She must have gone nearly a hundred feet before she fell, and the shock left her dazed. She lay there for a long time, and as she started to rise, there came to her a sense of something that was missing. It was the flashlight. She recalled how she had been holding it ever since she had started up the drift. She struggled to her knees and she spread her hands upon the rock floor. And now that it was gone, the darkness was filled with terrors which it had not held before. It was a good five minutes before her fingers touched the metal barrel, and when she pressed the button the radiance which leaped upon the rocky wall brought a sob of relief from her lips.

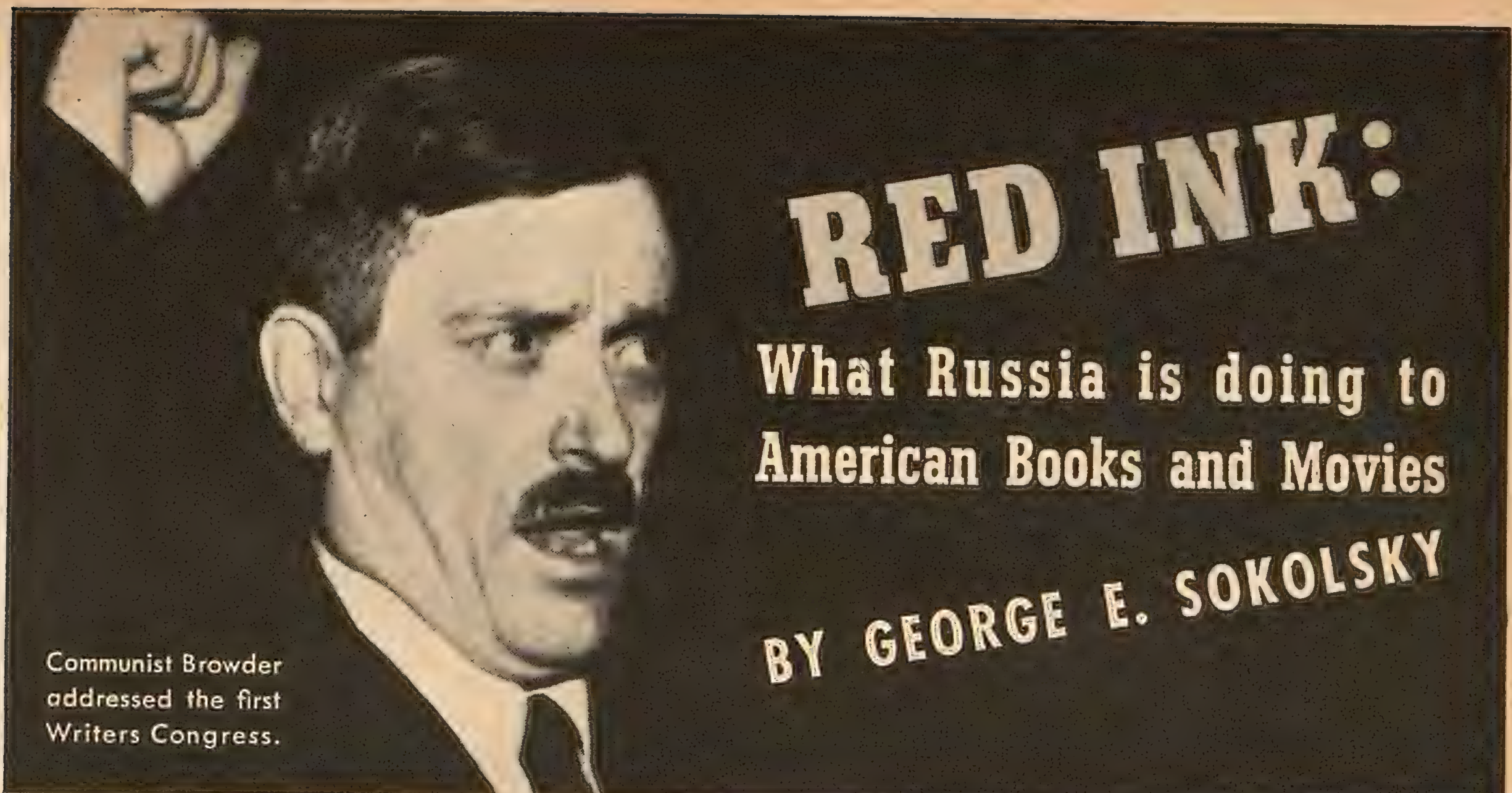
The passageway had widened here and the steepness of the slope was increasing; and just ahead of where she was standing the roof had vanished—there was nothing but a huge void of black shadows overhead, and farther on a mass of broken fragments which had fallen from above. They lay like a small hill, and where the hill attained its summit she could see the roof once more, a few feet above the crest.

MARY did not know why she began crawling up the broken ground of that declivity. It was no conscious thought that drove her on; it was nothing more than the blind instinct which keeps the body struggling after the mind has ceased to function. Several times the bad leg gave out and she lay upon the damp rocks until the pain had eased off enough to let her go on. At last she reached the top. She started down the other side. And suddenly she heard voices again.

They came out of the darkness ahead of her: thin, high voices lilting in singsong. She saw some specks of dull red glowing in the gloom and she caught a sweet pungent perfume. It happened that the flashlight swerved just then, and with the movement several pairs of eyes appeared—wide eyes that gleamed as the little stream of brightness fell upon them and were extinguished with its passing. The voices had ceased and the silence was so thick that the faint scrape of a match, which broke it a moment later, was as startling as if it had been a pistol shot.

The tiny flame wavered briefly and died, and in the instant of its passing a flood of yellow lamplight spread through the rock chamber. And Mary knew that she was standing in the hiding place which Jeff had described when they were back there at the tunnel portal.

What new horror is this? Who are these strange creatures hidden in the depths of the tunnel? And what has become of Jeff? The surprising answers will come to you next week, when the threads of mystery are untangled and the story ends.


Communist Browder addressed the first Writers Congress.

RED INK:

What Russia is doing to American Books and Movies

BY GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

THE Writers Congress met in New York and the newspapers reported the great names that appeared there. How many Americans knew that this was part of the international "United Front movement" to which Soviet Russia has so laboriously been devoting itself? Like the American Youth Congress, the International Labor Defense, and various similar organizations, the Writers Congress was founded as part of Communist propaganda.

Let us turn to Earl Browder, leader of American Communism, who in his book, Communism in the United States, said:

"The elemental force of the workers' movement sweeps into the broadened stream of this radicalization representative strata of undifferentiated masses such as churches, Y. M. C. A.s, small home-owners, small depositors, as well as definite middle-class groups, intellectuals, and professions."

Into every Communist movement the Communists seek to absorb intelligent and sensitive people. Unemployment, Spain, China, Hitler, anti-Semitism, war, the condition of the Negro, the share-croppers, youth—all these become bait to bring people into United Front movements. Men and women, particularly writers, who are themselves not Communists join organizations which deal with particular problems that interest them, only to discover that they have become part of an interlocking directorate of world-wide radical organizations that seem to exist for a specific purpose but which actually broaden into a support of a carefully planned structure to remake the world in the image of Soviet Russia.

J. B. Matthews, who was once a leading "fellow traveler," gives a description of the "undercover respectables" in his book, Odyssey of a Fellow Traveler:

"At Amherst College there was a professor of economics who was always available at Party window-dressing. At Johns Hopkins University there was an instructor in philosophy who performed the same service for the comrades. Here, there, and yonder, were authors, clergymen, professors, lawyers, and club women. Some of them were willing and knowing stooges, others were innocent joiners of, or speakers for, almost anything that had a good slogan with a flavor of idealism. Today, the Communist Party has thousands of them strategically placed in middle-class society."

Of course, many of them are not Communists; yet Earl Browder says of them:

"Unless we improve the quality of our leadership, the quality of our daily work, and the quality of our execution—the more we get among these moving masses, the more certainly we are going to be lost among them, broken up and disintegrated, *unless we concentrate all attention on the supreme instrument without which the whole movement cannot go forward a single step.*

"*This instrument is our Communist Party.*"

Communists don't mind using all sorts of people in their struggle to control and remake America. For Communists have built a morality based on lies. Lenin himself said:

"Our morality is entirely subordinated to the interests of the class struggle of the proletariat."

From the standpoint of this statement, it becomes necessary to go beyond words, slogans, and declarations to this history of an organization, to the men and women who control it, and to the "interlocking directorate" of United Front movements, which shows the same names appearing in many organizations, if we are to discover whether it is really a United Front organization. I have done that in connection with the Writers Congress.

This year's meeting had great names, important people, some of the best known writers in America. Did they know that this organization originated in the straight-out-and-out John Reed Club? Did they know that the Communists have from the first controlled this organization?

Here is its history:

First of all, who was John Reed? Americans of this generation may have forgotten him, but I knew him well in 1917 and 1918 in both the United States and Russia. John Reed was a brilliant American journalist who could write excitingly on every subject from a prize fight to a battle in the Great War. As a war correspondent he went to Russia, where he became enamored of the Bolsheviks. After the Bolsheviks took control of the government of Russia, he became a leading revolutionary figure.

Any club named after John Reed is *ipso facto* a Communist organization. But when that club becomes affiliated with the International Union of Revolutionary Writers and the International Union of Revolutionary Theaters, the picture is altogether clear. This is part of Soviet Russia's international propaganda for revolution. Any person who belongs to the John Reed Club must be a Communist. He has labeled himself.

It was the John Reed Club which founded the National Writers Congress. Go back to 1931. In the Daily Worker of February 21 of that year appears an item concerning the future of the John Reed Club. Read it:

Bored with shaving
Scrapes and stings?
Get the coolness
Ingram's brings!

Thrifty Ingram's brings you speedy, cool shaves!

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"It should broaden and enlarge its present work. . . . It should keep closer contact with the life and everyday struggles of the working class, giving more attention to the development of proletarian literature, *to the development of new worker writers and artists, as well as to winning over the radicalized intellectuals.* It should become a real force in the struggle for racial equality, especially for the Negro masses, and give greater effort to exposing social-fascism and petty bourgeois tendencies to the fight against imperialist war and the defense of the Soviet Union."

In a word, get in the fellow suckers and make them agents of the defense of the Soviet Union, among other things!

IT was not until 1935 that this idea crystallized. A call for a convention of American revolutionary writers was issued and signed by the following: Earl Browder (national secretary of the Communist Party), Michael Gold, Granville Hicks (Communist professor at Harvard), Theodore Dreiser, Nathan Asch, Lester Cohen, Edward Dahlberg, John L. Spivak, Nelson Algren, Arnold B. Armstrong, Maxwell Bodenheim, Thomas Boyd, Bob Brown, Fielding Burke, Kenneth Conroy, Malcolm Cowley, Guy Endore, James T. Farrell, Kenneth Fearing, Ben Field, Waldo Frank, Joseph Freeman, Eugene Gordon, Horace Gregory, Henry Hart, Clarence Hathaway, Josephine Herbst, Robert Herrick, Langston Hughes, Orrick Johns, Arthur Kallet, Lincoln Kirstein, Herbert Kline, Joshua Kunitz, John Howard Lawson, Tillie Lerner, Meridel Le Sueur, Melvin Levy, Robert Morss Lovett, Louis Lozowick, Grace Lumpkin, Lewis Mumford, Edward Newhouse, Joseph North, Moissaye J. Olgin, Samuel Ornitz, Myra Page, John Dos Passos, Paul Peters, Allen Porter, Harold Preece, William Rollins, Jr., Paul Romaine, Isidor Schneider, Edwin Seaver, Claire Sifton, Paul Sifton, George Sklar, Lincoln Steffens, Philip Stevenson, Genevieve Taggard, Alexander Trachtenberg, Nathaniel West, Ella Winter, and Richard Wright.

The call stated that the League of American Writers, to be organized, would be affiliated with the International Union of Revolutionary Writers, which would definitely make it a Communist organization.

On April 26, 1935, this Congress of American Revolutionary Writers met in New York, and out of it grew immediately the League of American Writers. The foreign guests, the messages of greetings, the discussions were definitely Left Wing. Probably the most important speech made was delivered by Earl Browder of Kansas, leader of the Communist Party of America. No Republican, no Democratic, no New Deal, no Socialist Party leader was present. But Browder was there, and he himself called attention to the fact that this Congress recognized its relations to the Communist Party. He said:

"How does it come about that the secretary of the Communist Party [Browder] . . . is invited to address this Congress, which is overwhelmingly unaffiliated with our party, at its opening meeting? . . .

"The answer is clear. The overwhelming number of writers who are producing living literature have become conscious, in one degree or another, that the class struggle between capitalists and workers — the two basic forces in modern society—*is forcing novelist, dramatist, poet, critic to choose on which side he shall stand. This Congress consists of those who, having faced the issue, have definitely taken their position on the working-class side against the return to barbarism involved in the fascism and war of the decaying capitalist system.*"

The Congress dropped the word "revolutionary" between its 1935 and 1937 conventions.

This in itself is an indication of Communist control, because after 1935 all Communist United Front organizations, upon instructions from the Third International and its president, Georgi Dimitroff, changed their tactics to make it possible for United Front movements to be more readily acceptable to fellow travelers and other non-Communist persons.

And so we see the 1937 call to the Congress issued under the new name, American Writers Congress. The call is an attack on Japan, Germany, and Italy. It supports Loyalist Spain. And this is what it has to say about America:

"And this rebirth of the American labor movement is connected with the new stirrings in literature—not as cause and effect, but rather as two parallel manifestations of the same progressive forces.

"But the growth of the labor movement is being and will be resisted. The bankers and industrialists will fight to keep their control of American life. They will get help from the courts, they will call out the militia, they will have the newspapers to help them in molding public opinion."

Again Browder spoke at this Congress.

NOW, in 1939, the Congress has met again. This time a large number of writers attended, many of them obviously neither Communists nor fellow travelers. Yet they were sucked into this United Front movement because of their sympathies with particular causes. That is the Communist trick. Find a point of contact and bring the contacted person into the fold.

The call for the 1939 meeting was uncompromisingly pro-Soviet and its language followed the Communist Party line. Let me quote the essential paragraph:

"The defense of democracy in the United States, co-operation of this country with other nations and peoples opposed to fascism—including the Soviet Union, which has been the most consistent defender of peace;

co-operation with writers exiled from the fascist countries; support for the anti-fascist policies of the present administration; support for the labor unions; co-operation among all democratic and progressive forces; opposition to race prejudice; to attacks on social legislation and to efforts to cripple or abolish the Federal Arts Projects. . . ."

Note that there are many points in this call with which there could be agreement even by the most conservative. But does that mean that all the eighty names attached to the call endorse the statement, "*including the Soviet Union, which has been the most consistent defender of peace*"?

Frances Winwar resigned from the League and its National Council and Executive Committee because of this statement. She wrote: "I believe in liberty. Any country that limits it—except in the criminal and the irresponsible—cannot belong to the circle of the democratic nations. In the Soviet Union, liberty is not for the political dissenter."

ALL who did answer this call, by implication, became supporters in the United States of the Communist line as stated in the call, including the elevation of Soviet Russia to the position of world champion of peace. What a terrible denouement these people faced when they realized that Stalin's trickery is strengthening the hand of Hitler in Europe!

I have devoted myself to a historical account of this organization because, like so many United Front movements, its birth and machinery are being camouflaged by noble phrases and by fine personalities. It is only by careful and accurate exposure of the now hidden hand of Communism that it is possible to bring out the true relationship of an apparently harmless American meeting with the Third International, which seeks to dominate this country through the United Front. And many fall for the camouflage. Yet it is through such agencies as this that Soviet Russia and the Communists are beginning to influence our theater, our movies, our literature.

For years it has been a subject of free discussion in literary circles that "Conservative" books are either ignored or panned by many of the principal book reviewers, whereas books written by Communists or fellow travelers, often of dubious merit, are lauded to the skies. As I look over the lists of those who attend the American Writers Congresses I am led to wonder whether there is not truth in that accusation.

Charles Yale Harrison, whose name appeared as early as 1930 in a petition issued by the John Reed Club, and whose book Generals Die in Bed was once highly praised by the radicals, in an article in the New Leader, a Socialist paper, says, "Undoubtedly a boycott does exist against anti-Stalinist writers, particularly when the author is relatively unknown."

THE END

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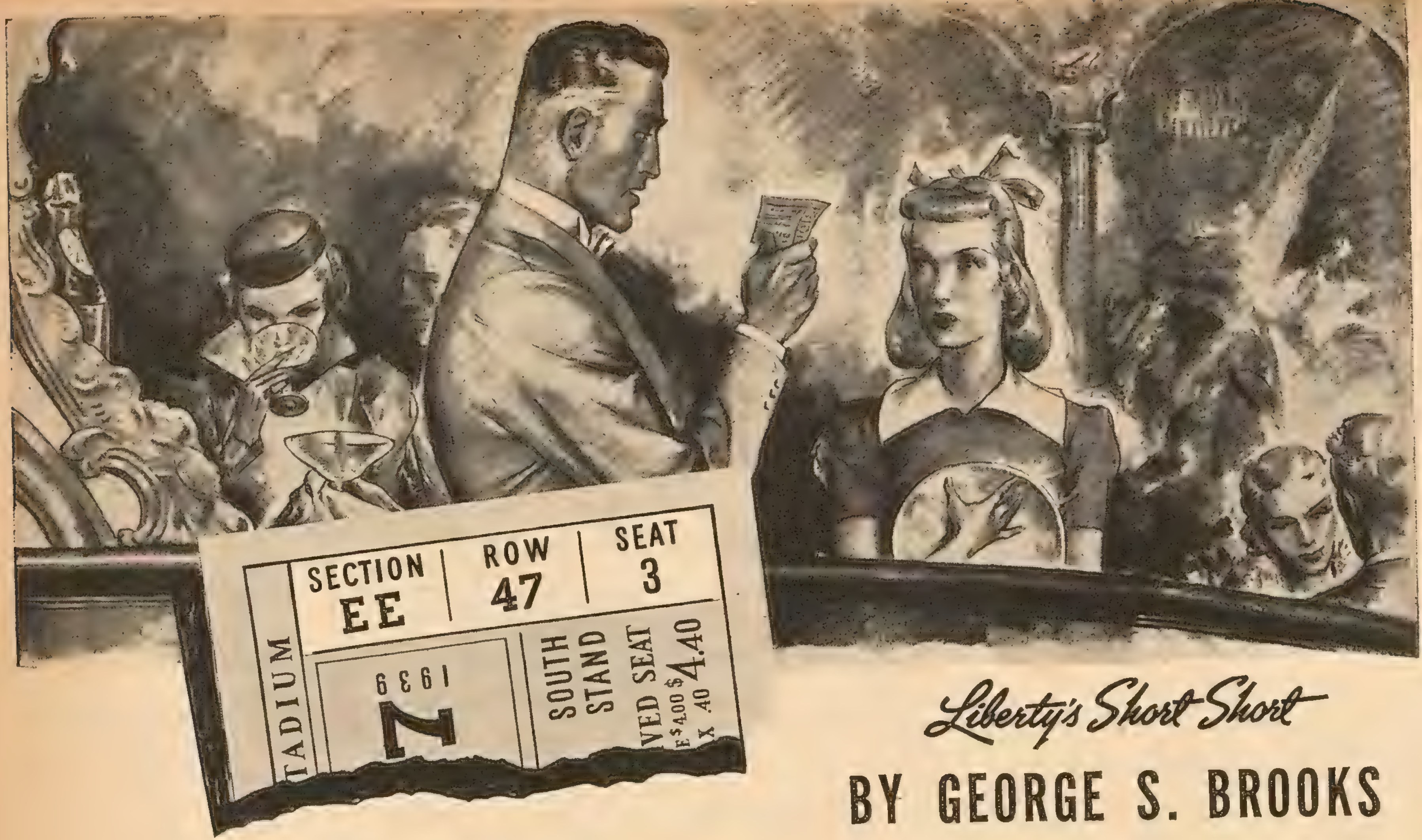


Liberty's Short Short

BY GEORGE S. BROOKS

READING TIME ● 3 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

FROM behind his mahogany bulwark Walt Buchanan faced the world with much shrewdness and some suspicion.

In the Yacht Grill at the Hotel Commander he was the head barman, as dignified as an admiral on a quarterdeck. His dark hair was threaded with streaks of premature gray. His blue eyes seemed to pierce far beyond the false horizons painted on the walls.

He was a man's man, and there was something about him that got the women too. But no woman ever left the Grill feeling certain that he had noticed her. In his domestic policy Walt Buchanan was a strict isolationist.

He was at his post one Friday evening, when Vera Anderson hurried in from the Hotel Commander Coffee Shop. She set her silver beverage tray on the counter and waited while Walt polished a glass.

Vera was small, quiet, shy, a rather colorless person even in her waitress' green-and-white uniform, with the frilly headdress.

"What'll it be, miss?" asked Walt.

"Nothing, Mr. Buchanan. That is, nothing to drink." She always seemed a trifle awed when the big man condescended to notice her. "I'd like to have your opinion." She lifted an oblong strip of pasteboard from her tray. "I knew you could tell me if this ticket is good."

Walt nodded. He examined the surprinting with the care of a bank teller making change for a thousand-dollar bill.

"South Stand. Section EE. That's inside the thirty-yard line. Row 47. That's high up. Seat 3. Right in from the aisle."

"Is it counterfeit?" asked the girl anxiously.

"No. It's O. K. As good a location as there is in the stadium. Where did you get it?"

"From a man."

"Known him long?"

Vera shook her head.

"Where did you meet him?"

"Here. At the hotel. He came in the Coffee Shop to eat." She held out her hand for the ticket, but the bartender did not return it.

"What's his name?"

"Honest, Mr. Buchanan, I don't know his name."

Walt scowled at the pasteboard. "No square gee would hash in the Coffee Shop, unless he was down in his luck. And if he is down in his luck, he ain't passing out four-forty tickets to his waitress."

"This cost more'n four forty. He had to buy it from a spec. At least, that's what he claimed."

The bartender looked at her sympathetically. The poor kid was only trying to have a little fun. It was tough pickings in her job, where a ten-cent tip was tops.

"Miss Anderson," he said, "you're a nice girl. You haven't had much experience with men."

"No," she agreed sadly, "that's true."

"So I think you ought to give this ticket back. Do it in a nice way. Tell him you already got a date for the game t'morrow."

"Oh, Mr. Buchanan, I—"

"You have a date with me," the bartender announced. "I'll take you with me. To our union headquarters. I rate big over there. I'm the treas. We always have a lunch and beer and sit around listening to the game come in over the radio."

"Just—just as you say, Mr. Buchanan."

"I'll meet you by the time clock at one thirty."

"Yes. Yes, Mr. Buchanan." She picked up the ticket and turned away quickly, wondering which dress to wear.

The bartender stared after her. She was much too nice to be running around with collegers. She was a little lady and cute as a family of field mice.

Vera, her face flushed with surprise and happiness, hurried through the service door into the Coffee Shop.

She stopped at an elderly gentleman's table, a grandfatherly old party with a cane and white hair. She placed the stadium ticket on the cloth, beside his coffee cup.

"Don't worry, sir," she said. "Your ticket's good."

The old gentleman took his change purse and counted out five pennies beside his plate. "Thank you."

"Oh, not at all, sir. I should thank you."

There was no hint of sarcasm in her voice or face. She wasn't even looking at the little pile of coppers.

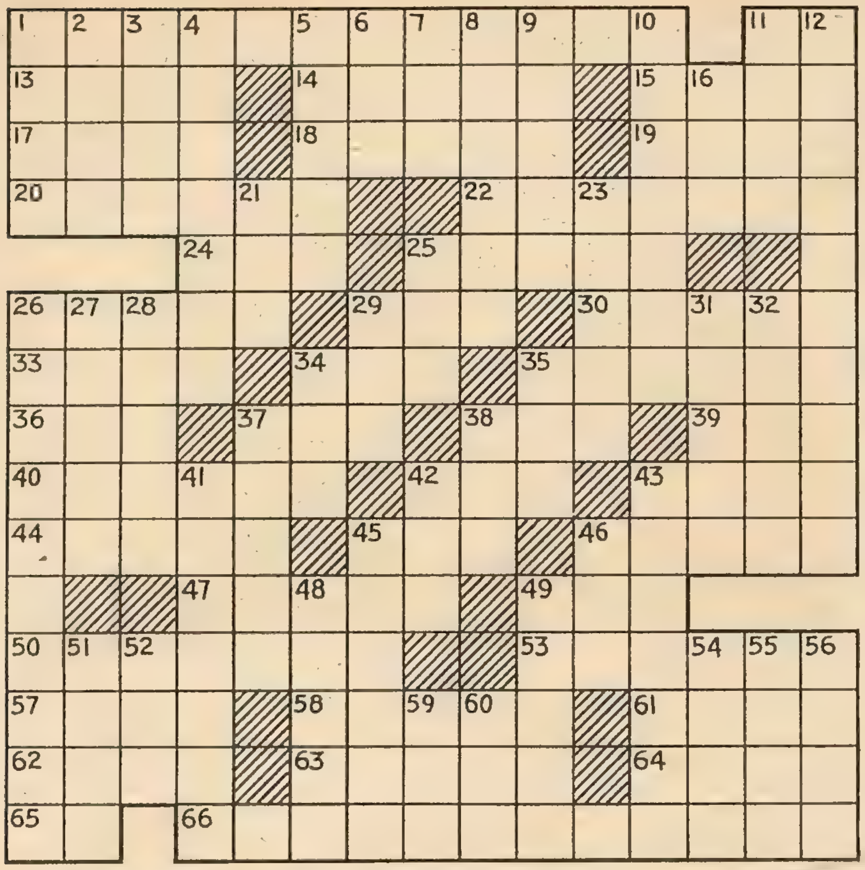
The old gentleman was very puzzled.

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1939; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

by Ted Shane

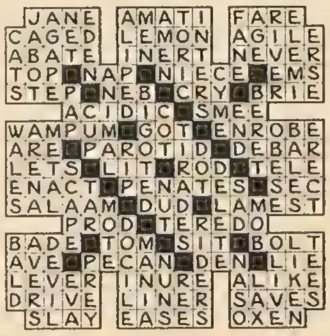


HORIZONTAL

1 Cause of two attacks on Turkey this year
11 Long's Autocracy (abbr.)
13 Plate passed by Joe DiMaggio
14 Shakespeare's man from Athens
15 Prince of Russian opera
17 Something never heard from Washington (two words)
18 What grammaw did to her corset after dinner on Thanksgiving
19 If a herring takes a swallow of this it's likely to get pickled
20 Haltered at the altar
22 Florence's playboy friend
24 What bricklayers can't do to eggs
25 R. Crusoe's pop
26 Canary cackle
29 Road hog
30 What's famous about Bethlehem, Pa.?
33 Ash cans
34 Was rich
35 Value we should look for in a new car
36 "Whoa there, Paderewski!" (musical abbr.)
37 Cause of most inflation
38 Indelicate matter
39 What she yelled after his forward pass
40 Unpopular tolls
42 What the French soldier takes at the front
43 Lady of the Tropics
44 It's a feather in your hat, girls!
45 Turkey fears this
46 Tires, jewels, and hussies
47 It groaned all through Thanksgiving dinner
49 NRA slightly mixed up
50 You should live so long!
53 Horrifies
57 The A. in A. D.
58 Cost of war (pl.)
61 What small boys cry on first viewing Turkey
62 Poor man's turkey
63 It may be the end but it's Greek to me
64 Looped platinum wire used by cultured bacteriologists and crosswορders
65 It goes with a hum
66 Eastern nasal expert (two words)

VERTICAL

1 What Eskimos do in the spring
2 You'll find father in one after Christmas
3 Among
4 After a big tear they feel sew-sew
5 Room for thought
6 Panther sweat
7 I Mind Dictators! (abbr.)
8 First broadcasters known to man
9 Slightly indefinite
10 They were stewed on Thanksgiving
11 Learn in Brooklyn
12 Whose voice (full of fire) can be heard over Hitler's and caused the Allied boom?
16 Start of French gaiety
21 What people do over and over on Thanksgiving
23 What I hope Hitler does
25 Blank in the old shell game
26 Restaurant service the week after Thanksgiving (two words)
27 Some poor bird will get this in the neck for Christmas
28 Come awn in!
29 First-aid station for parched whistles
31 Loosened up
32 Cut it out!
34 It's his'n in the Ozarks
35 Kind of blossom raised by bottle-scarred veterans
37 Where man loses his freedom
38 This comes in stromberry, amples, hongleberries, charris, and hother varieties
41 One comes with every lift of the glass
42 Used by Stalin in his negotiations with Turkey
43 A whale of a sticker and vice versa
45 RCH:NH, very salty and only available to chemists
46 Slaphappy individual
48 Warning to navigators: Look out here!
49 Kind of engagement Jimmy Durante had with his girl
51 Biblical preposition
52 Windy direction (abbr.)
54 What she did slowly after thirty
55 —— majesté
56 One guy who should beat the races
59 What drinkers say in the ghetto
60 Source of all Rhode Island Reds



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 JANE AMATI FARE
CAGED LEMON AGILE
ABATE INERT NEVER
TOP■NAP■NIECE■EMS
STEP■NEB■CRY■BRIE
   ACIDIC■SMEE
WAMPUM■GOT■ENROBE
ARE■PAROTID■DEBAR
LETS■LIT■ROD■TELE
ENACT■PENATES■SEC
SALAAM■DUD■LAMEST
   PROD■TEREDO
BADE■TOM■SIT■BOLT
AVE■PECAN■DEN■LIE
LEVER INURE ALIKE
DRIVE LINER SAVES
 SLAY EASES OXEN
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Last week's answer

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

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Tenderly and Forever

For daughters! A vivid, poignant tale of a father's understanding and a girl who learned about love

BY NAN O'REILLY

READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 36 SECONDS

JUDITH LANE put the last article into the bag she had been packing and snapped it shut with nervous haste. She lighted a cigarette, stood smoking it thoughtfully in the middle of the bedroom, then, after a few puffs, crushed it impatiently out. She was a lovely creature, tall and splendidly built, with straight back, deep bosom, and long supple limbs. Her head was set firmly on a strong throat, and the way her curling hair was pushed back revealed the modeling of her face and the slumberous placing of the full eyes in their sockets. Today her face was stripped of its serenity and was strained and white. She was about to elope.

She moved now to her dressing table. On it was a picture of a young man with a too handsome face. He was dark, with bold eyes and a full-lipped sensuous mouth. Judith knew all this, knew that her father had good reason for disliking Harris Wilson—and yet he had gotten into her blood, whipped her cool senses to a hot passion that bewildered and frightened her, and left her almost defenseless.

She took the picture from its frame, went back to the bag, opened it again and slipped the picture in. But she was not thinking of Harris Wilson now. She was thinking of her father—and of the blow she was about to deal him. That it would be a frightful blow, one from which he would never recover, Judith did not doubt. The knowledge made this the bitterest moment in her life. For she loved her father. Indeed he had been her whole world until this upsetting, unnerving love affair had turned her into a creature she hardly knew.

She sank down on the bed and stared moodily at her dressing case. If only she could rush out of the house now, at this very instant, and have no more time to think! Instead, she must wait two long dragging hours.

Harris and she had planned everything to the dot. It was Thursday—the maids were out. And it was her eighteenth birthday. She was of age today. Her father had planned a birthday dinner for her at the club—for just the two of them. Only there would be no celebration. Instead, there would be a letter waiting for her father, telling him she had gone away with Harris.

They would be married by the time he read the note.

How could she wait two hours? It was agony. Her mind was filled with pictures—pictures of her life in this house with her father. This room was full of memories. She moved restlessly, and her hand touched a package her father had given her that morning at breakfast. He had kissed her and given it to her.

"I have something else for you for your birthday, dear," he had said. "But this is your real present. This is a present I've been waiting eighteen years to give you."

She had been too upset all day even to open the package. Now, in her longing for distraction, she untied it idly. There was a book inside the wrappings—a book with a hand-tooled leather binding. On it was written in gold: *Letters to Judith.*

Judith opened the book curiously and began to read.

September 10, 1921.

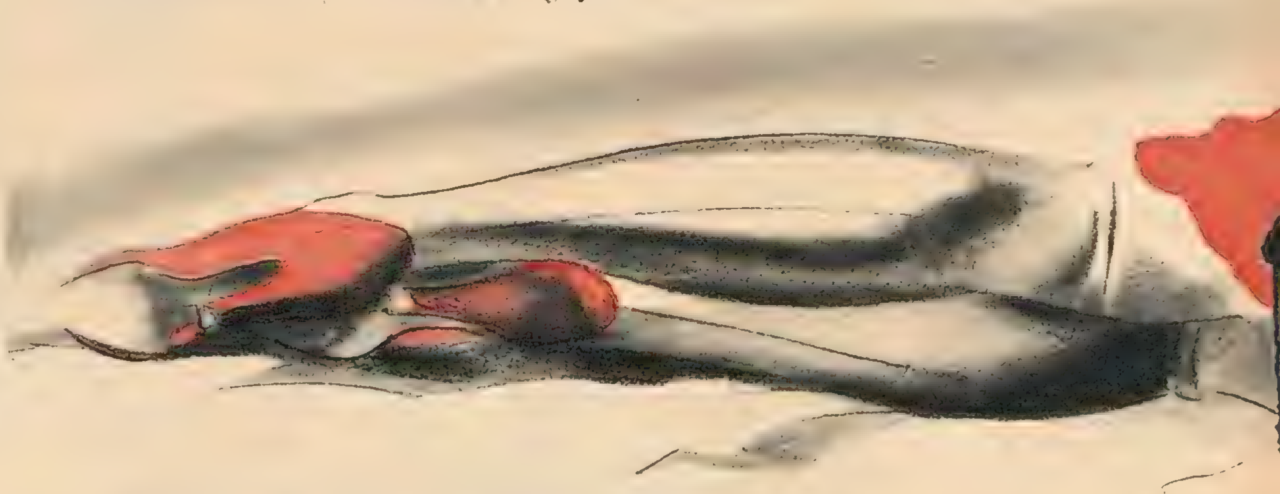
My little girl [it began]:

This is, I am sure, your very first love letter, for you are at this moment precisely twenty-four hours old. You are lying in the Children's Hospital, tucked under a pink blanket, your two small fists curled like shells against your face. I know. I have stood almost all day looking through the glass at you, wondering at the miracle of life—that anything so small, so delicately perfect could have come from your mother's womb—or that I, so unworthy, could have had a part in fashioning the intricate mingling of flesh and spirit that is you.

We came to the hospital two nights ago. Your mother was very sick. She was sick all night, and at the end it was a difficult birth. We almost lost you. But when they finally let me hold you for a moment and said you were a fine, healthy baby, I knew a happiness I had never experienced before. They tell all sorts of funny stories about fathers in maternity hospitals. As you grow up you will hear them too. But it isn't funny—being a father for the first time. It's a soul-shattering experience. As I held you in my arms and looked into your crumpled pink face, I wished a great many things—most of all that I had been more of a man—purer, nobler, more fitted to direct the destiny of a human soul.

You see, my darling, I am telling you my most secret thoughts—thoughts that by the time you are eighteen I will be too self-conscious to put into spoken words. If I write

ILLUSTRATED BY FLOHERTY, JR.



Judith read on. She read about when she was two, three, four. Her little naughtinesses, her small loving ways.

them down now, while my heart is so full, they will tell you all you will ever want to know about your mother's life and mine, and about those first beginnings of your own existence every one is so curious about as he or she grows up. So every year I am going to write you a letter. And you will see the years unfold in these pages.

YOUR FATHER.

Judith let her hand fall on the written page. Her eyes were wet with tears.

"Oh, daddy!" she whispered. "Daddy!"

She turned eagerly to the next letter. It was dated a year later.

Dear Judith [this one began]:

We called you Judith, you see. It seemed a good strong name, and if you turned out an amusing child with a turned-up nose and freckles we could shorten it to Judy. Your mother really picked your name. She had a greataunt she remembered as a little girl. She said she looked like a queen but always spoke so gently. I should have liked your name to be Margaret—after your mother.

How shall I tell you about your mother, my darling? I thought last year, when I started to write these letters, that they would be full of happy things—like that sundial somewhere in Italy that has on it: *Horas non numero nisi serenas*—I mark only the happy hours. And now I must record the greatest sorrow that you will ever know. Your mother is dead, Judith. She died a week after you were born.

You will have her picture. In fact I have a great many pictures of her for you—snapshots I like the best because she is so alive and natural in them. There is even the painting of her by Leroux. But only I can paint your real mother for you—or show you even a little of what you have lost in losing her. She was very beautiful to look at. Perhaps you will look like her. You do now, somewhat. You are already a tall child, and your eyes are well shaped—long and heavy-lidded, and, too, of that heavenly dark blue that is so rare. She had white skin that had a kind of opalescent glow to it like mother-of-pearl, and that no painter, even Leroux, could catch. And her mouth was strong but sweet. She dressed well—was very smart, in fact.

But it was not any of these things that made me love her. I should have loved her, of course, if she had been homely and dowdy, for she would still have been herself. She was a complex character; but perhaps the trait I loved best in her was her courage. She was afraid of nothing, least of all of life. She met life with open arms. When she knew you were coming, her only thought was of delight. I never once heard her express the slightest fear that she might die or that anything might go wrong. When she was suffering so terribly the night you were born, she never complained. Every time I looked in on her she held out her hand to me and smiled—until she was too weak to lift her hand. Even then she still smiled.

A week later I went home one night thinking all was as it should be. . . . I had hardly gotten in the house when they sent for me. . . . She was dying. I don't remember how I reached the hospital, her room, her bed. . . . She opened her eyes and looked at me—a long look. In it was everything she hadn't the strength to say.

"Carry on!" it said. "This is life. This is the chance we took. I couldn't have loved you more if I lived forever."

I knelt down beside the bed and took her in my arms. She was almost gone. And yet she spoke one sentence.

"Love her for me, too," she said.

What a strange thing death is! The separation between it and life is so complete, and yet a moment before it happens the loved one speaks—speaks in character—as if that broken sentence were only a part of a conversation. Then comes silence—immutable, endless . . . "Love her for me, too. . . ."

How can I love you as she would have done? I've tried this year. I'll go on trying but, no matter what I do, it won't be enough. You took your first staggering steps into my arms. I found your first tooth and dashed downtown to buy you a new dress. I sat beside your crib all night when you had the croup. . . . I hold you in my arms at night against all rules—before the fire in the winter months, and out in the garden your mother made as spring came on. . . . But nothing that I do can be enough. Your mother is dead.

Judith read on and on. She forgot the time. She read about when she was two, three, and four. All her little naughtinesses, the smart things she said, her small loving ways. Then she was five. She went to kindergarten. And something more tremendous threatened to happen.

September 10, 1926.

Judith dear,

You are five now. Almost—well, not almost—you *are* a little girl now. You have soft lovely brown hair that curls about your neck. You go to school. I took you myself the first day. And I said to myself, like any foolish mother, "I haven't a baby any more. My baby is grown up."

Something else has happened this last year. I must tell you about it. I have met some one—a woman—whom

FLOHERTY JR

I have grown very fond of. I won't say I am in love. I could never love any one as I loved your mother. But this girl is companionable. Her name is Kate Dexter. I met her at a dinner party given by some old friends, and I liked her. She sat next to me at dinner. We found lots to talk about—books we both had read, plays we had seen. . . . We finally got around, as is inevitable with people who hit it off, to life and its problems—love, marriage, and children. . . . I told her about you. I'm afraid I expatiated about your virtues, because she laughed once and said:

“Here, now, you're making her sound like a dreadful little prig.”

That brought me up short. I knew I was being a bore. I didn't even resent that crack at me. There seemed something frank and honest about a person who would say a thing like that.

Would you mind, Judith, I wonder, if I married again? I've been devilish lonely sometimes. I'm the sort of fellow who needs a wife. I like to potter around the house, dig in the garden, drag out the hose evenings and water the lawn. That's the sort of man who needs a wife. The night-club variety can find companionship anywhere and they don't mind if it's a different face for every night of the week. I like stability in my life. I like to have a few people in for dinner, play bridge—go on vacations with my wife and child. . . . I could never go in for one of these back-street romances—and yet I do need a woman in my life. Would you mind, dear? Kate Dexter has a quick, alert mind and a kind of worldliness that I think might be good for both of us. I think you need a woman's love and tenderness too.

You are asleep now. I've just run up to have a look at you. I wanted to wake you—you looked so unearthly—wake and ask you the question: “Shall I marry Kate Dexter?” I feel the need of reassurance, and you are the other person most concerned.

A year later.

JUDITH,

I couldn't do it. I couldn't marry any one. It was a fool's paradise that I lived in for a couple of months, and I am back to sanity now—have been for a long time.

A day or so after I wrote my last letter to you—that is a year ago—I asked Kate Dexter to our house for dinner. I made a great event of it. You had on a little white dress. It had no sleeves—some blue business on the shoulders—and your arms were so soft and white, like a baby swan's wings. You came into the living room and gave Kate your hand and bobbed a curtsy, the way you had been taught. Kate gave her hand to you, and then she looked into your solemn face and laughed.

“You *are* your daddy's girl, aren't you?” she said. “He looks at me sometimes just the way you're doing. . . . It makes me feel as if my soul were put on outside my clothes.”

All during dinner you kept your eyes fixed upon her as if you had some childish standard of measurement you were judging her by. I felt as nervous as a wet hen, wanting you to like each other. Then you went off to bed and Kate and I walked in the garden for a while.

Perhaps the garden was a bad place for me to take her. It always makes me think of your mother. . . . I can almost see her bending over the beds, firming the dirt around each plant as if she loved to do it. She would get very grimy and hot, and come in to me with a smudge across her nose and her hair in her eyes, brushing it vainly back with her arm.

There was nothing reminiscent of my Margaret in Kate that night. I had taken her out in the garden to propose to her. I couldn't do it there. . . . There was the faint sweet smell of stock in the air, and Kate seemed oblivious of it. She stepped on a plant as her foot slipped on the path. It broke off and lay inert. I picked it up.

“I've gotten mud all over my shoes,” she said lightly, but there was an undercurrent of annoyance in her voice.

“Let's go to the movies,” I said. “It's getting cold out here.”

But when I was leaving her that night at her door, she said:

“Could I borrow Judith some afternoon, Dick? I think I could get better acquainted with her if I had her to myself for a few hours.”

I said yes, of course. She knows what's been in my mind, I thought.

Kate lives in a pretty little house out in Lakeview. People wonder why a young, single woman wants to live alone out in the country, but that was one of the things I liked about her. It shows stamina when a person can depend on himself or herself for companionship. I feel that lack in myself.

The afternoon came. Maria dressed you in your best *and* smartest—not a foolish father's idea of how a little girl should look—but chic. Kate called for you. I was downtown, but I phoned home to find out if you had gotten off and if all was well.

“If they hit it off today I'll ask Kate to marry me tonight.”

The idea took such possession of me that I decided to pull out for the day, run out to Lakeview and surprise you both—perhaps take you home and then carry Kate off to dinner and a proposal.

As I drove up to Kate's house there was no one about. I thought it a little odd when no one answered the bell. I walked around to the side door. In the kitchen was Elsie, Kate's maid, her head on the table, asleep.

She sat up abruptly. A frightened look came into her face.

“I musta dozed off,” she said.

“Where are Miss Kate and my Judith?”

“Och!” cried Elsie and ran out of the house down toward the water. I ran after her.

You were sitting on the small dock by yourself, your feet hanging over the edge, a stick with a string and a pin fastened to it clutched in your hands. When I saw you were safe I slowed up.

“And Miss Kate—where is she?” My voice was stern.

“She'll be back—she thought to be back before five. She didn't expect you, sir. . . .”

I didn't doubt that.

“Where *is* she?”

“It was some party she didn't expect that blew up. She's never one to stay home from a party. You won't tell her, now, that I fell asleep?”

“No—I won't tell her.”

I took you by the hand and started for the car. As we got to it Kate swept up the driveway. . . . Her face looked as crestfallen as so skillfully controlled a face can look. She tried to cover it with bravado.

“Dick! This is a surprise! I just ran over to Olcott . . . bought some things for dinner. . . . I was going to ring you up.” She pouted a little. “Now you've spoiled my surprise.”

“Yes,” I said.

So that was the end of my romance. I found out later—what seemed the worst aspect of the whole thing—that Kate had told you not to tell daddy she had gone off for the afternoon. She had made up some cock-and-bull story, and thrown a bribe or two in by way of good measure.

I think I'll never be tempted again. Not that I have any prejudice against second marriage. But I just didn't have the courage to take the chance with you. “Love her for me, too. . . .” I couldn't take the chance.

SHE read eagerly on. The years slipped away beneath her fingers. She was sixteen.

My darling [she read]:

You are sixteen tonight, and you have gone to a party—*with a boy.* I managed to drive you over. It was a feat of the most offhanded, subtle diplomacy. At twelve I am going back to get you and your cavalier.

Your cavalier only turned into a cavalier tonight. Up to that moment he was the kid from next door—Professor Thorpe's red-cheeked boy I liked so much who wore a dirty sweat shirt and learned to smoke off my cigarettes. Tonight he, too, blossomed. He called for you in his first tuxedo. Dr. Thorpe can't afford such extravagances—but he did. Then you came down. You had on your first long dress. It was white—white net, I think they call it. You wore a flower tucked into your hair. I wanted to cry. You were like a dream of youth walking into my living room—so fragile, so untouched—so momentary. . . . I was almost afraid to speak, to touch you, for fear you might vanish.

Then young Thorpe said:

“Christmas, you can't walk over to Kenwoods' in that get-up!”

Your face fell.

“I'm going to give you a lift,” I said on an inspiration. “It's on my way to the club. I'll call for you on the way back, if you want me to."

Thorpe looked a bit dubious, but your face shone.

"Oh, could you, daddy? Then Jimmy can put the price of the taxi toward our tennis court. We're paying for it together."

Oh, my little girl, how can I shield you from life and yet let you live it to the full? I'm getting on—forty-five—I never was as brave as your mother. . . . I feel that the more I know of life the less courageous I am for you.

I want you to have everything you should—love, a home of your own, children. . . . Yet how can a girl have wisdom of choice—*how*—when it has taken me a lifetime to learn the ways of the world? You will say: "But mother and you . . ." And I will have no answer except that it was a happy Providence, and hope that the same Power may watch over my child.

September 10, 1939.

JUDITH,

You have fallen in love with the wrong man. When you were sixteen I wrote you a letter—in it I prayed that the very thing that has happened *would not happen.* And it has.

I could not keep you to myself. I couldn't say, "Don't do this. Don't do that." I had to let you live a normal girlhood—ride, swim, learn to drive a car, handle a boat, ski—though every danger you met and escaped, I met and escaped a hundred times. I had to let you meet all kinds of people. You had to develop some power of discrimination for yourself. Yet somewhere along the line I must have failed.

Tonight as I sit here writing this last letter to you I have gone back over the years and tried to see where. But I don't know. Perhaps, after all, I should have married Kate Dexter. She would have given you a hard worldly wisdom that would have been a better shield than what your sentimental old father has tried to arm you with. You have been Diana to me—cool, aloof, virginal. I am all bewildered at seeing a thick-handed, hot-eyed stranger turn you into Venus—languorous and heavy-limbed.

Oh, my darling, what is it? What has happened to you? Can't you see that this Harris Wilson is not your sort—that in a few years you will grow to hate him, hate the sound of that impudent voice with its easy cajolery and cheap wit? I know it is not really you that have fallen in love with him—not my Judith. It is as if your body were apart from your soul. Your body is young and strong, full of vitality. So is his. When he touches you, a fire runs through you. You feel dizzy. Nerves quiver up and down your limbs. . . . He has kissed you. I've seen it in your face when you've come in from being with him. I want to kill him. That greedy mouth on your fresh sweet lips—it makes me sick all over.

It isn't love, Judith! It isn't love! I know. I'm a man. I know what it is to feel desire. I've known for years what it is to stifle desire. My darling, it isn't love. Love is something that can be cool as fresh water. It can strengthen, not weaken; elevate and not debase. You're ashamed of the feeling you have for Harris Wilson. It seems indecent to you. And yet because the life force he has aroused in you is so strong, you are yielding to it as you would to a powerful current in a river. It isn't love. It's passion in its crudest form.

I have a feeling that you are coming to some decision, and I, who would give my life for you, can only stand by and pray it may not be a fatal one.

Good night, my darling. God guard you and keep you from harm, and remember that, no matter what you do, I shall love you tenderly and forever.

YOUR FATHER.

Judith flung herself face downward on her bed and burst into stormy sobbing. Not since she had been a little girl had she cried like this.

"Oh, daddy! Daddy!" she sobbed over and over.

He had meant to show her *her* life. Instead, he had shown her his—the long, quiet years of self-sacrifice, dull years, watching a small girl grow up. All the high adventure that might have been his he had exchanged for the privilege of guiding her stumbling feet, taking her hand close in his along the way. *This was love.*

Slowly Judith sat up. She unlocked her suitcase again, pulled out the picture of Harris Wilson and tore it into pieces. She walked over to the dressing table. And dropped the pieces into the wastebasket.

"No—Harris," she said. "You might be good enough for me. I'm not as good as my father thinks I am." Then she smiled—a woman's smile—as if the girl Judith had indeed come of age. "But if there should ever be a little Judith, Harris—you'd certainly *not* be good enough for her."

THE END

☆ THE BOOK OF THE WEEK ☆

by OLIVER SWIFT

★ ★ ★ ★ **THE BIBLE OF THE WORLD.** The Viking Press.

Here is a collection of essential parts of the religious literature of the world. From the Hindu Vedas to the Christian Gospels. There is not only a great deal of information here for the student of religions other than his own, but there is a wealth of spiritual comfort. One has only to read these translations from the Persian, the Arabic, and other tongues to know that truth is not the exclusive possession of any race, or group, or time, but wells up in the heart of every man.

X Worth reading

"Whose SCALP won't pass what FINGERNAIL TEST?"

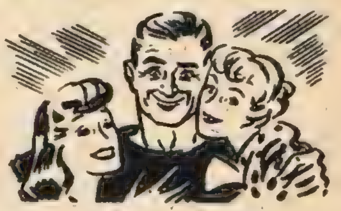
How about yours?

THE NERVE of that campus cowboy. Telling me, the All-American tackle, I got crummy hair! "Scram!" says I, "before I take you apart!"

BUT HE DON'T SCARE EASY. "If you weren't all muscle and no brains," he says, "you'd know I'm doing you a favor. You do all right on the 40-yard line, but with a dandruff condition like you've got . . . well . . . who was that lady I didn't see you with last night?"

"LEAVE HER OUT OF THIS!" I yell. But the Fingernail Test tells me Oswald's right. So that night I see my druggist. "What you need," he says, "is this 3-action Wildroot-with-Oil. The old Wildroot formula that's been cleaning up dandruff scales for 30 years, *plus* pure vegetable oils that keep hair in place *without* building up grease on the scalp!"

Good stuff



TAKE IT from a dumb football player! If you want a tonic that keeps your hair looking swell and keeps it clean too, *use Wildroot-with-Oil!"*

35¢ **60c** and **$1** at all drug dealers. Professional applications at barbers.

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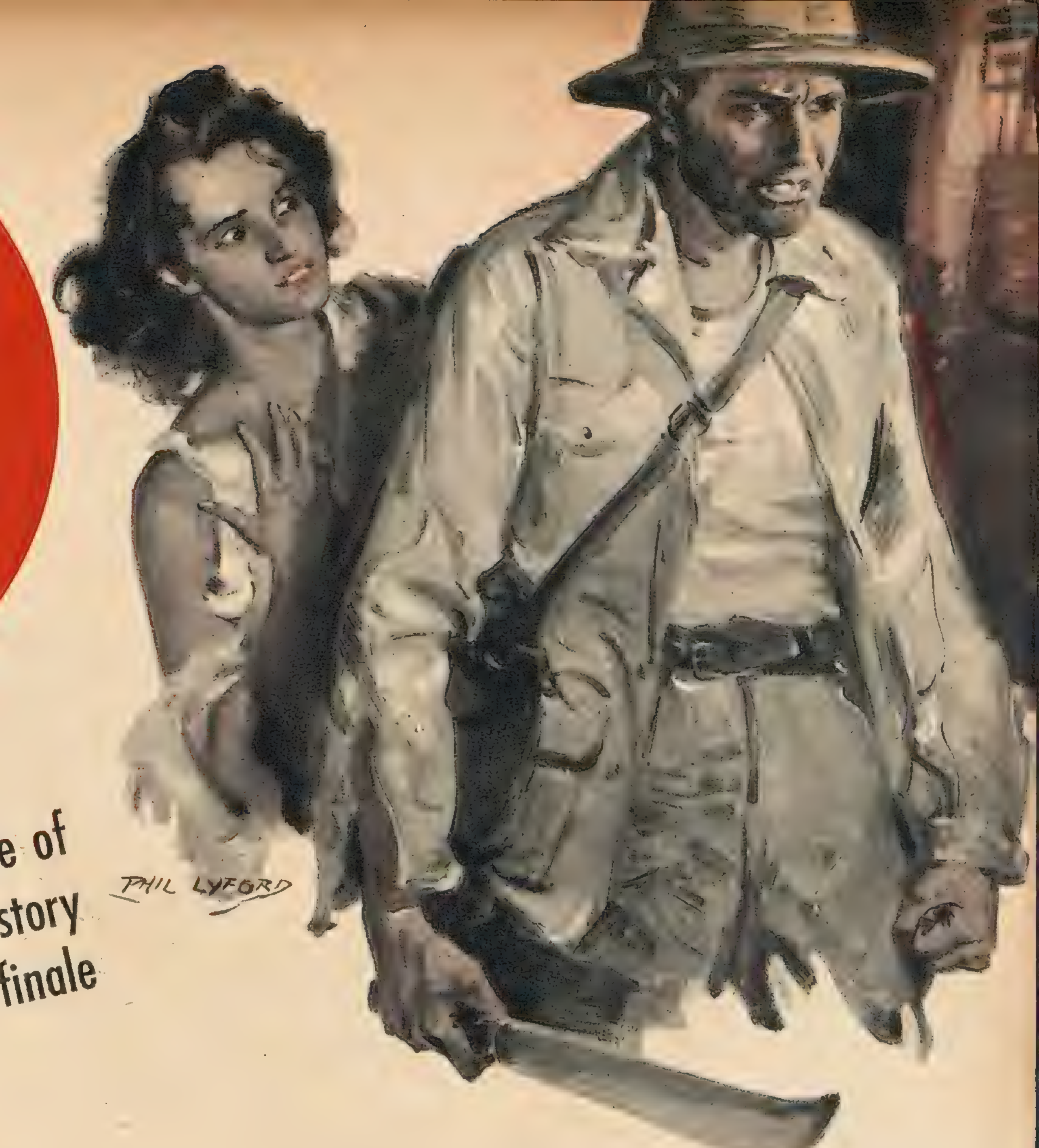
1. CLEANS AS IT GROOMS 2. RELIEVES DRYNESS
3. REMOVES LOOSE DANDRUFF

Must get today

IMPORTANT: *Wildroot original formula, used by millions who prefer a non-oily tonic, also sold everywhere!*

THE SHADOW OF THE MASTER



Out of red turmoil, a message of peace . . Dramatically the story sweeps to its surprising finale

BY ACHMED ABDULLAH

ILLUSTRATED BY

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 11 SECONDS

PART ELEVEN—CONCLUSION

MILTON GREENES laughed. . . . And the next moment Yvonne heard, like an answer, a cracked voice most unmelodiously raised in a song which she would never forget:

> "Mine eyes have seen the glory of the
> coming of the Lord—"

Gordon's voice! Somehow she was sure of it.

She jumped up. She ran away from the shocked, halted Milton Greenes, ran toward the window.

She saw Gordon. Not the smart tanned soldier she had known in France—oh, so many years ago! A miserable scarecrow of a man, bearded, hollow-cheeked, in rags—and singing his screeching, discordant, wonderful, beautiful song. And dancing—yes!—dancing like a madman, leaping high into the air and snapping his fingers. And, to right and left of him, a number of the tribesmen, including the great chief, Man-Coc Teng, salaaming, strewing flowers before his feet. . . .

"Gordon!" she called out. "Gordon! Ah—*mon gros chéri!*"

He heard. His head went up. He looked—and a few seconds later the door was pushed open and he stood on the threshold, at his back a dozen or so of the Moys.

Gordon's eyes took in the scene: Yvonne, waist torn, her face tear-stained; Milton Greenes, no longer able, as he saw the ragged white man, to conquer his fear, but utterly panic-stricken, cowering against the wall. And the American understood. His hands opened and shut convulsively.

Even so, he kept his head. He remembered what Cham Thang, the old pirate, had advised: to demand—and never to beg; to bully—and never to be courteous.

So he turned to the tribesmen.

"Go away!" he said curtly.

They left without questioning his order. He closed the door behind them. He smiled at Yvonne, a tender smile, but he said only two words:

"Hullo, darling. . . ."

Then he wheeled. He stared at Milton Greenes, who stared back at him in an icy fascination of terror.

There was silence in the room. Silence but for the vibrations in Gordon's heart that surged up:

"Kill—kill—kill!"

He drew his bush knife. The broad wicked blade flashed. He was about to bring it slashing down. And at that moment, as three times before in his life, he thought he heard dimly the clinking of silver coins, saw dimly a bearded long-robed shadow—and deep in the inner recesses of his soul he grew conscious of a strange dislocation of his personality, of his very self, that involved . . . *what?*

He knew! He knew! Forgiveness it involved. And mercy—and tolerance—and charity.

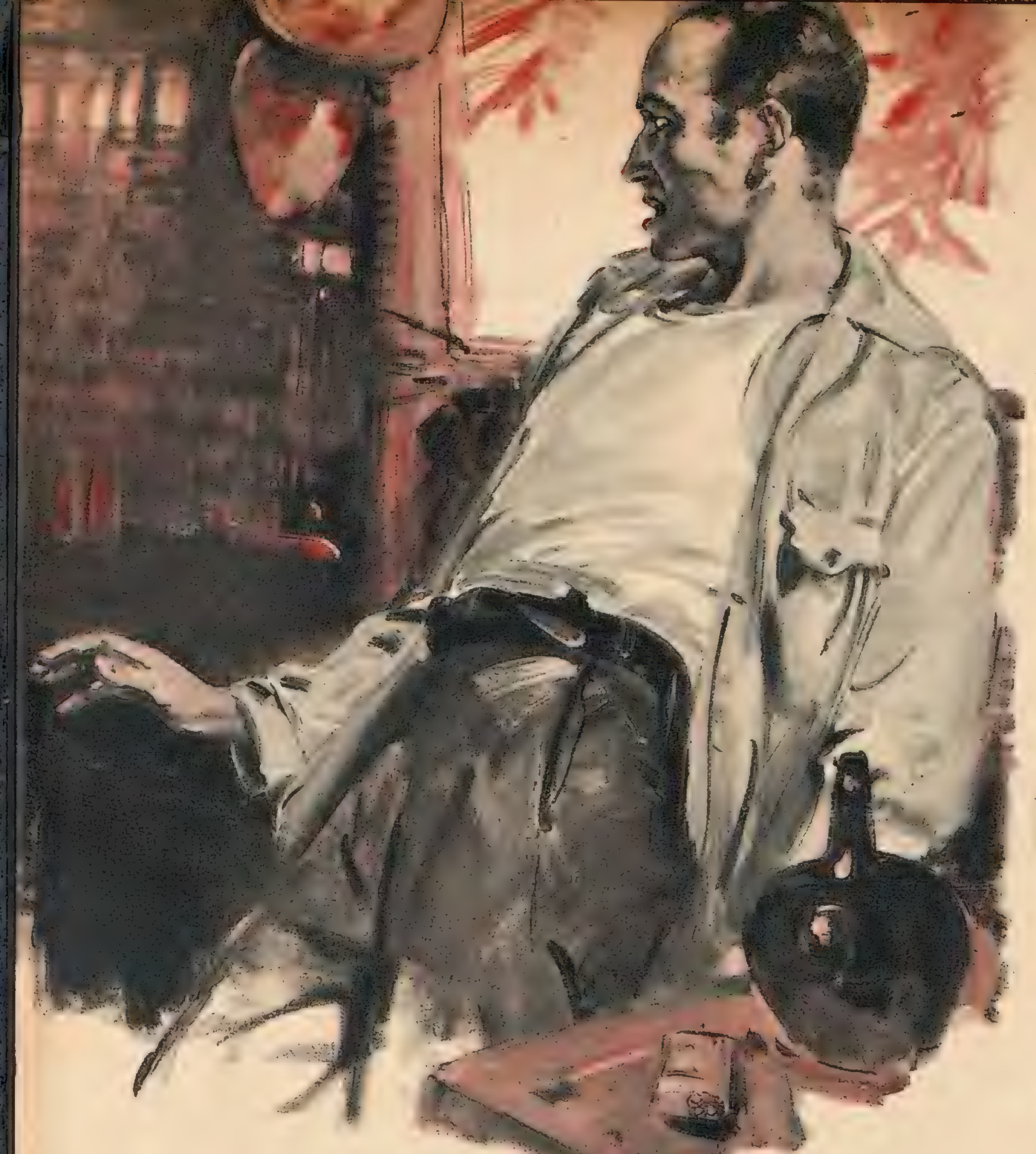
And—wonder of wonders—he saw the shadow of Milton Greenes on the wall—the shadow of a man in a robe with a knot around his neck.

And he opened his fist. He let the knife slip from his grip. And he thought he heard something like a great rushing of wings; and he knew that he was on the edge of fulfillment.

Fulfillment within himself. . . .

MOMENTARILY Yvonne was silent. She looked out into the Yankee Stadium; turned and looked at two fascinated journalists. Her story of Gordon McArdle was almost told.

"Yes," she said, "on that day, in the wilderness of Dou Van, when Gordon let the bush knife slip from his hand, he was on the edge of ful-



He stared at Milton Greenes, who stared back at him in an icy fascination of terror. Gordon drew his bush knife.

fillment. Fulfillment within his own soul. And, too, a greater fulfillment."

She pointed through the window.

"He is finding it out there in his plea for moral rearmament," she went on, and there was in her accents an echo of her husband's power and deep, throbbing eloquence.

So we listened, while Gordon McArdle's thunderous message rolled on.

It flooded the vast packed arena. It traveled out into the surrounding New York streets where the many thousands who had been unable to crowd inside stood shoulder to shoulder in front of the loud-speakers. It zoomed over a world-wide radio network.

And, as earlier in the evening, imagining came to those two writers, and high hope. . . .

FOR we thought that maybe in Berlin there would be a man bent over a table covered with military maps, his face, the bright electric rays cutting across it as clean as with a knife, looking tense and strained; a rather handsome face but for the clownish wisp of a mustache that smudged the upper lip; the face of a ruthless fanatic or a rhapsodic poet, and the fanatic telling himself that his armies were invincible, and he, suddenly, giving a start as he heard the voice from the radio which said:

"For Jesus is ever the foe of hate. . . ."

And in Paris, in a massive gray-granite building, a short stocky soldier nervously tramping the length of the room, up and down, up and down; swearing a solemn oath that the struggle, this time, would be carried on to the grim, bitter, merciless finish and that France would pay back her ancient enemy in his bloody barbarous coin, looting and burning and bombing and killing; and then, suddenly, stopping in his tramp up and down, up and down, and—since, coming from the Pyrenees, he was a superstitious man—shuddering and snapping his fingers rapidly to guard against black luck as he heard:

"For Jesus is ever the foe of vengeance. . . ."

And in London, in a pompous mahogany-and-red-Turkey-carpeted office on Threadneedle Street, a ruddy well fleshed man, so neat in braided morning coat and striped trousers and silver-gray spats, giving quick-fire instructions over half a dozen desk telephones; ordering his herd of junior partners to buy, buy, buy! Buy copper! Buy wheat! Buy rubber! Buy steel and cotton and nitrate and petroleum and butter and eggs and wool and frozen meat! Buy everything which mankind needs to fight with and to eat while fighting! Buy in New York, Chicago, Rotterdam, Buenos Aires, Bombay, Stockholm, Valparaiso! A bigger, better, bloodier war is in the offing! It'll last seven years, or I'm no blinkin' Yorkshireman! So buy, buy, buy, buy, buy! Corner the markets, boys! For there's a cool half billion to be picked up! And then, suddenly blushing—he who had not blushed since, as a child, he had been caught stealing a shilling from the collection plate in church—as he heard:

"For Jesus is ever the foe of greed. . . ."

AND tonight, here in the Yankee Stadium, Gordon McArdle continuing:

"For Jesus is ever the foe of pride. Pride, which breeds hate and vengeance and greed. Pride of men—and pride of great nations. Great? . . . No, no! Petty, cheap, mean nations—saying to each other: 'I shall make war upon you. I shall trample your crops and cut down your orchards. I shall slaughter your sons. I shall ravish your women. I shall burn your churches and crucify your priests. For—behold! I am stronger than you. . . .'"

He paused.

"The power of eloquence," said Yvonne, "came to Gordon that night in the village of Ma-Ther when he spoke to the tribesmen, when he—preached to them."

"Got away with it, I guess," asked one writer, "by playing the madman?"

"He couldn't—he told me—preach the truth, God's eternal truth, on the basis of a lie." She smiled. "In fact he was mad enough *not* to lie."

"What did he do?"

"First, since Gordon is no man's fool, is indeed a shrewd, practical, levelheaded American, he did not ask questions when he saw the shadow of Milton Greenes, and then discovered that Milton Greenes had disappeared. No one ever saw him or heard of him again. Gordon accepted that strangeness. He merely stepped to the window and called out to the Moys—in Tonkinese, their dialect isn't very

and ANTHONY ABBOT

PHIL LYFORD

different—that he had a message for them. They gathered before the chief's house, where there was a large square, and he began by announcing that he was not mad at all, that his insanity had been make-believe, a pretext to enable him to reach their village in safety, to find and rescue me—the woman he loved. And while momentarily the tribesmen were struck mute by their utter amazement at his foolhardiness, he went on to say—and really," with a laugh, "he hurt my feelings, I was quite angry at him—that since coming among them, he had given up all thought of me. He would gladly sacrifice me, would sacrifice himself, would sacrifice his son—I had told him about our Jean—for a finer, nobler cause. The divine cause of humanity."

One writer was frankly incredulous.

"Expect me to believe," he demanded, "that he spoke of the divine cause of humanity to those raw savages?"

"Yes."

"But how—how did he . . ."

"Listen to him!" She pointed at the arena. "Of course, since his listeners were Moys, he used different turns of speech, different similes, a different, rather more direct mode of approach. But at heart it was the same fundamental truth. For he preached peace. . . ."

SHE described the scene.

The large square in front of the *pholy's* house packed with aborigines, hundreds and hundreds of them, and ever more crowding to see what the excitement was all about. Gordon at the window, looking down upon the unreal spectacle and then hearing his own voice:

"Peace is the message which I shall bring you, O men of the Moy clan!"

A short silence, followed by a tumult—not loud shouts, rather a buzzing, like the buzzing of thousands of infuriated bees—as the Moys got over their mute amazement and surged forward in a solid phalanx of brown nakedness broken here and there by the flash of the sun on weapons. Spears ready to be tossed; bowstrings pulled tautly back with arrows poised; rifles and swords raised.

And the Virginian spoke wildly, at random:

"Listen to me! Listen! Oh—wait—and listen to my message. . . ."

Would they kill him before he had a chance to proclaim the truth—the glorious eternal truth?

For an instant the thought, the fear, stopped his heart beating. Then he heard Yvonne's whisper:

"You can do it, Gordon! You must!"

"Pray!" was his answering whisper.

He leaned from the window, stared at the tribesmen.

"This foreigner," he exclaimed, "who came among you, who led you to the storming of Chiring-Phang, to great victory, great loot, great slaughter—did he not promise you even greater victories, greater loot, greater slaughter?"

Man-Coc Teng, the *pholy*, took a step forward.

"And do you, O creature," he demanded, "claim that he lied?"

"No. For—no doubt of it at all—the tale of your great victories to come will be across the land in a wind of envy and glory."

ONCE more the hushed amazement. Men ceased to struggle and push. What—by the many gods!—was this stranger trying to say? Why, it appeared that he was agreeing with the other, the prophet of freedom. . . .

They listened closely while Gordon repeated:

"Envy—and glory. . . ."

Suddenly his nerve seemed to go. He felt a terrible weakness in his knees. Here he was, alone, endeavoring to stem a tide, to prevent desolation and destruction and vast charnel houses throughout the Dou Van hinterland. Here alone, with no weapon but his tongue. . . .

He pulled himself together with a tremendous effort. He grew conscious of the power of persuasion—the power of sweeping, inspired eloquence. . . .

"Listen!" His voice peaked shrilly.

First he spoke with flattery—wheedling, caressing. He acknowledged the tribesmen's strength and bravery. More victories would surely be theirs, and presently all Indo-China would rally around the standard of rebellion, would drive out the French—and then the rivers would run crimson with foreign blood. . . .

"And," he demanded in high clear accents, "what then?"

"Freedom!" shouted a gnarled old Moy.

"What kind of freedom?" cried the American. "Freedom to loot—and kill—and burn—and rape—and torture? And if this freedom be yours, is it not also the others'? Is not the sword two-edged? Or do you think that the French will eat dirt and stay defeated? If you do think so, you are bigger fools than I imagined!"

A sinister growl came in answer; and Gordon raised a hand to command silence.

With a threat in his voice and the force of conviction, he spoke of the day of reckoning; the black day when the ships of the French would land horses and guns and soldiers, tens and tens of thousands, perhaps hundreds of thousands.

He heard his own voice—it was as if it belonged to somebody else—harsh and grating and sardonic:

"Always the spilling of blood! Always the price of blood paid ten times over! The price of hate paid ten times over! And what good is hate? Can you eat it? Can you drink it? Can you mate with it?"

He paused, then addressed the *pholy:*

"And you, O great chief, do you rule your clansmen because of hate? Pah—hate breeds hate! Breeds nothing else."

"And yet," Man-Coc Teng replied slowly, "it is we who are in the right, not the French. They came to our country and conquered it—not we to theirs. So why not fight them? We," violently, "*are* right!"

"Am I denying it?" the Virginian countered quickly. "Of course you are right. Still, if you are strong enough to fight with your hands, why are you not shrewd enough to fight with your brains? Why are you not decent enough to fight with your souls? There, in your brains and souls, you have the one invincible weapon—a weapon blessed by your gods and mine—and its name is peace."

He drew himself up.

"Peace!" he repeated. He bit on the word. His lips savored it as a precious thing, then blew it free to lash the moist hot air with the sound of it. A light like a clear flame came into his eyes, illumining his face.

"The white shining sword of peace!" he cried. "Draw it as heretofore you have drawn the red shining sword of strife! Wield it well, with full fearless force! And it will cut a path through the jungle of unhappiness and injustice and oppression toward the great golden clearing of happiness and justice and freedom!"

Peace!

A strange word out there in the Dou Van wilderness where men paid their enemies with the crackle of steel and slaughtered cattle and the torch licking over hut and byre; though perhaps not a whit stranger than here, tonight, in the Yankee Stadium, in the Occident, where men paid their enemies by poison gas and massed artillery and bombing towns from the air.

AND as to his American audience he was quoting Jesus saying to His disciple who tried to protect Him against the Hebrews: "Put up again thy sword into its place: for all that take the sword shall perish with the sword," so, on that afternoon, he was telling the tribesmen that only fools fought with weapons of iron; and the bigger fools they, the Moys, since in the end, where they could send thousands into battle, the French could send tens and hundreds of thousands.

And as here tonight a woman whose husband had been killed at the Marne broke into sobs, so in the village of Ma-Ther a mother whose three sons had fallen at the storming of Chiring-Phang shrieked the curses of the gods on the widows they must make and the houses and beds they leave lonely.

And as in New York Gordon McArdle's words rolled on over an enormous radio hook-up minute after minute, inspired, powerful, challenging, austere, like a trumpet call of

God's eternal laws, a rally clear round the world, a force in his heart to grip the meannesses of life and strife and smash them to pieces against the unchanging portals of truth—so in the far wilderness his words droned and pulsed and throbbed; were taken up by the wooden signal drums—*rub-rub-rub-rumbeddy-rub* — hour after hour, until the sun died and the hiving stars swam and swirled past the horizon, and they too died one by one, and young day shot up, racing along the rim of creation in a sea of fire that put out the paling moon; and the tribesmen listening tensely, at times motionless and silent, and at other times swaying from side to side like chained beasts and breaking into guttural exclamations as taut hysterical excitement clutched their throats; and in back of Gordon, Yvonne praying . . . the same prayer, over and over again:

"Help him, Lord God! He is speaking Thy word, Thy truth! So help him, help him, help him! . . ."

SUCH was the scene she described to us; and one of the two writers said:

"Yes. I remember a few years ago reading something about it in the newspapers. A revolt in Indo-China, and an American butting in, acting as go-between. But—here's what I can't make out—how did your better half get around the French? Those Moys, when all's said and done, had been naughty little boys—looting and burning and killing and what-have-you."

"That's just what worried me," was her answer, "that night—rather the next morning, when we had gone to bed. . . ." She interrupted herself. "You know," she resumed, "it was good being so close to him after all those lonely years. I—I felt like a young bride."

Her lips curled in a gay little Gallic smile.

"Still," she went on, "I was worried. Oh, yes—he had succeeded with the Moys. But what about my countrymen? They'd have something to say on the subject; wouldn't let the bloody revolt go unpunished. That's what I told Gordon, and—well, his homely American words were such a change from his impassioned speech to the tribesmen—he replied: 'I'll talk turkey to the French. I'll make them see it my way. And unless they come through with an amnesty decree and a whole batch of administrative reforms hereabouts, I'll start a revolution of my own, and —take it from me—it'll be a wow. I learned a few tricks on the western front. And I'm a lawless buzzard at heart. One of my granduncles was hanged for sheepstealing.'"

She laughed at the recollection.

"Anyway," she went on, "Gordon —what's that American expression? —oh, yes—he got away with it. In fact France was glad to get out of the quandary without more bloodshed and with the prospect of turning the jungle tribes into law-abiding subjects. So they were grateful to Gordon. Decorated him with the Legion of Honor. Were nice to him—and me —in other ways. With little Jean, for instance. About the adoption." Again she laughed. "Yes, we had to adopt our own son."

She paused.

"Three times since that day in the wilderness men have tried to kill Gordon."

"And," Anthony Abbot demanded slowly, "the third time was tonight? The young man who ran up to the platform, a revolver hidden by the bandage around his arm?"

She did not reply; pointed toward the arena whence, just then, came Gordon McArdle's ringing words:

". . . for what did St. Paul say? 'Be not overcome by evil: but overcome evil by good.' And when St. Peter imagined he was so amazingly generous in suggesting that perhaps Jesus would order them the forgiveness of their brethren seven times, he must have been staggered at His retort: 'I say not to thee, till seven times, but seventy times seven times.'"

"Seventy times seven!" echoed Yvonne. "That's Gordon! Because he's a fool! God's own glorious fool."

She said no more as—we knew it was the end of Gordon McArdle's speech — the resonant voice announced:

"Long live Christ the King! Long

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(*from a letter by* N. W., Rochester, N. Y.)

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(*from a letter by* D. G. D., South Portland, Me.)

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(*from a letter by* P. H., Hollywood, Calif.)

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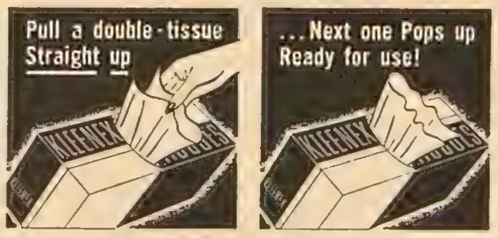
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live Christ the Leader! Long live Christ the Duce! Long live Christ the President! Long live Christ the Saviour, God's only begotten Son!"

Startling words. Triumphant words.

They reverberated; seemed to hang in the air; were followed by a tremendous burst of silence. Silence more loud and powerful than cheers, yells, frantic applause. Silence that continued as presently the thousands and tens of thousands filed out of the Yankee Stadium. No sounds but the slurring of feet and, after a while, a hooting of klaxons, a clanking of streetcar bells, a meshing of gears. . . .

"And," whispered one writer, but then at times he is something of a poet, "a faint chanting. A chanting of high clean hope. Like the singing of the sun and the moon and the stars on the morning of the day of creation. Singing the glory of life eternal —and truth and love eternal. . . ."

So the poet in him had his say; and a moment later the reporter came to the fore.

HE turned to Yvonne. "My friend and I," he said, "want to write your husband's story for Liberty. And the editor gives you the devil if you leave loose ends hanging at the tail of your story. So—what about the money part? Must have cost your husband a pot of dough—the advertising and poster campaign, the radio hook-up, the Yankee Stadium. Did he make that much money in the years since he left Indo-China?"

"No. He earned barely enough—traveling here and there in the far corners of the earth, proclaiming the word of the Lord—for himself and me and our son."

"Well, then — how did Gordon . . ."

She smiled. She related that a little over twelve months earlier she and Gordon and Jean had returned to America. There had been the usual run of passengers aboard the Arragonia. Jews and Gentiles. Radicals and die-hards. Doers and drones. Students and business men. And, of course, the regulation mysterious multimillionaire who traveled in a de luxe suite with a retinue.

His name?

Yvonne refused to tell us—and, exchanging a wink, we didn't insist. After all, we thought, we could look up the passenger lists of last year.

"Let's call him John Smith," she said. But she added that he had made his enormous fortune manufacturing munitions; that his factories were not only in Germany but also in England, France, Italy, Spain, Japan; and that—strangely or not strangely at all—throughout the World War the Allies as well as the Central Powers had scrupulously refrained from bombing them.

Late one evening Gordon found himself alone in the smoking saloon with John Smith. The latter was a tall lean elderly man. Sardonic-looking but for his eyes; eyes—Yvonne described them—filled with an immense and hopeless sorrow, like those of a slaughtered soul.

For a while the two men spoke desultorily of this and that and the other thing. Then, all at once, the millionaire asked a direct question:

"Going back to America to preach?"

The Virginian was surprised. He had told nobody aboard about himself.

"I'm going there to announce the truth. God's truth."

"Different from preaching?"

"At times," was the smiling rejoinder.

"But why America, of all places?" in that same curt direct fashion. "Why not England or France or . . ."

"Partly," interrupted Gordon, "because I'm inclined to be practical and partly because I'm prejudiced. My practical sense tells me that even God's truth has to be—well—enforced; that America is the most powerful country on earth; and that where *we* choose to lead, all other lands must follow sooner or later. And my prejudice? Oh, I admit that, occasionally, America makes me sick —with its waste, its graft, its crime waves, its fads, its hectic feverish futility. And then when things look darkest, somebody always bobs up and does something—well—American. Something big. Because America—go ahead and laugh your head off!—is closer, a *lot* closer to God than the rest of the world. And that's why I'm going home—where I belong. I'll hire the largest auditorium I can find. I'll prepare the public in advance —through newspaper ads—the radio . . . for I want thousands and thousands of my countrymen to listen to what I have to say—to what God has commanded me to say."

SEEMS to me," was John Smith's comment, "that you aren't practical enough to have considered the money end. Poor—aren't you?"

"I'll say! I'll land with less than fifty bucks in my pocket. Still, I know I'll succeed."

"No doubt in your mind?"

"Why" — amazed — "how can there be any doubt? Am I not going to speak the Lord's truth?"

A silence fell between the two men. Then John Smith said:

"I mislaid my fountain pen. Got one about you?"

"Sure."

Gordon handed it over.

"Thanks."

The other produced a checkbook. He wrote; gave the green slip to the Virginian.

He rose; walked toward the door.

Outside, a wind had jumped up. The song of the whipped tortured air came with a great sob and roar. Then, abruptly, it stopped; and through the immense stillness that followed Gordon heard—as thrice before in his life—the rhythmic cadenced clinking of silver coins—clink, clink, clink, clink! But, this time, not coming nearer. Instead, drifting farther and farther away, so that, though he counted the sounds—one! two! three! four!—up to thirty, and no more than thirty—the last was merely a memory, an imagining. . . .

He shivered.

The shadow—he wondered—would it come? The shadow of the bearded man wearing loose robe and sandals and a rope around his neck—the shadow of somebody out of Palestine, Jerusalem, the Old Testament? . . .

He stared. And just then John Smith turned on the threshold. He looked at Gordon, his tragic eyes ashine, lips moving dimly into speech through the most wonderful smile ever seen on human face.

"You will never again hear the clinking of silver coins," he whispered, "the coins for which Judas sold Jesus to Caiaphas. Will never again see the shadow. My shadow. The shadow of the shadow of the Master. . . ."

THUS Yvonne's story. She said no more. And what was there for *us* two to say? "Thank you so much," or "How amazing!" or "Gosh!" or something equally inane?

So, without a word, we got up to go. And then the door of Dr. Robinson's office opened, and Captain McArdle came in.

He saw us and drew the right conclusion.

"Reporters, eh?" He turned to his wife. "Spilled the beans, darling?"

"Well," with a decided show of temper, "I don't see why not. After all . . ."

"All right, all right," he interrupted, grinning like a boy. "Anyway, too late to unspill them." He looked at us. "One of you two got the makin's?"

One produced a cigarette, the other a match.

He sat down, stretched out his legs, smoked. And presently—and later on we argued about it violently, one insisting he was terribly disappointed and let down at the man's choice of subjects and mode of speech, while the other held the opposite view, declaring that the one thing which makes saints and heroes fit persons to associate with is the fact that they are not *always* saints and heroes but a good deal of the time ordinary human beings with ordinary human interests — presently the Virginian began to talk about average plain American matters.

What did we think of the New Deal? What of the C. I. O.? And had we been to the World's Fair? And had we seen the latest Ford model? And hadn't good old Joe Louis made a monkey out of that fat mug? . . .

"And—say!—I'll lay you two to one the Reds'll win the pennant."

We jumped at that bet. . . .

This all happened just a few weeks before the Germans marched to war.

THE END

Yesterday's Underworld

The movies turn back to bootlegging times and involve Mr. Cagney in tragic adventure

BY BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 43 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

★ ★ ★ THE ROARING TWENTIES

THE PLAYERS: James Cagney, Priscilla Lane, Humphrey Bogart, Gladys George, Jeffrey Lynn, Frank McHugh, Paul Kelly, Elisabeth Risdon, Ed Keane, Joe Sawyer, Joseph Crehan, George Meeker, John Hamilton, Robert Elliott, Eddie Chandler, Max Wagner, Vera Lewis. Screen play by Jerry Wald, Richard Macaulay, and Robert Rossen from a story by Mark Hellinger. Directed by Raoul Walsh. Produced by Warner Brothers. Running time, 106 minutes.

A CALCULATED "epic" of the remembered era when a minority of zealots dictated life to the majority; in brief, the poison-hooch period of American life. Specifically, the yarn of a returned doughboy who can't get his garage job back in forgetful New York, turns to bootlegging. He rises to great power in the underworld, then he slides down as quickly as he climbed. He ends dead, in a theatric tableau on snow-covered church steps, shot down by gangsters who feel he knows too much.

The panorama of the flaming-youth period shows hijacking, rumrunning, illegal manufacture of hooch, all the incredible things of an incredible era. Thinly disguised is the bootleg chieftain who divided his attention between bad liquor and the taxicab business, as well as a night-club hostess who enthusiastically greeted her patrons as suckers.

Sometime these strange years will be recorded honestly. This portrait of the period is shallow, superficial, strains for the dramatic. Even Jimmy Cagney isn't himself as the ex-doughboy who rides briefly to fortune on thwarted thirst.

VITAL STATISTICS: Remember this era? High lights: Freud. Valentino in The Sheik. Abie's Irish Rose running 2,532 performances on Broadway. Will Hays stepping in to purify the movies. Mah-jongg. Coué. Yes, We Have No Bananas. Texas Guinan. Scotch at eight dollars or better. Coolidge. Crossword puzzles. Short skirts. Bobby Jones. The four horsemen of Knute Rockne. The Charleston. The Scopes trial. Lindbergh's hop. Dempsey vs. Tunney. Tunney vs. Dempsey. The crash of October, '29. Watta era! . . . Tough finding new ways for Jimmy Cagney to be tough. Here he grabs a lighted cigar from Ed Keane's mouth, jams it back into Ed's tonsils. . . . Priscilla Lane's hair may not look attractive but it's authentic. Those were the days of long hair and back knots.

Zorina's debut in films. The hit of Broadway and London musicals in a scene from On Your Toes.

★ ★½ THE HOUSEKEEPER'S DAUGHTER

THE PLAYERS: Joan Bennett, Adolphe Menjou, John Hubbard, William Gargan, George E. Stone, Peggy Wood, Donald Meek, Marc Lawrence, Lillian Bond, Victor Mature, John Hyams, Leila McIntyre, Luis Alberni, Rosina Galli, Tom Dugan, Gene Morgan. Screen play by Rian James and Gordon Douglas based on a novel by Donald Henderson Clarke. Directed by Hal Roach. Produced by Hal Roach-United Artists. Running times, 80 minutes.

THIS comedy—a screwball presentation of a pathological homicide on the loose with poison—is quite harmless, if you accept slaughter as

The LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

A motion picture that you may have heard about in the last two years will be first shown to the public with the start of the roaring forties. It is called "Gone With The Wind".

★ ★ ★ ★

Leo has been allowed to see a trial preview and as a result is devoting this column to a motion picture produced by David O. Selznick and the Selznick International Studios.

GONE WITH THE WIND

THIS WAY SPECIAL PREVIEW

"Gone With The Wind" will delight every one of Margaret Mitchell's readers. You will see it for yourself and write your own adjectives.

★ ★ ★ ★

Selznick purchased the screen rights to the story on July 15, 1936. As the novel subsequently became the greatest immediate success in publishing history, public interest in the film mounted to public participation in its production.

★ ★ ★ ★

The cast became a source of voluminous communication. Clark Gable was the unanimous choice for Rhett Butler, but the part of Scarlett O'Hara caused excited speculation.

★ ★ ★ ★

Selznick's scouts interviewed 1400 candidates for Scarlett. Ninety received actual tests. Unknowns as well as screen favorites were tried out in the role.

★ ★ ★ ★

The selection of Miss Vivien Leigh gets a profound knee-bend in admiration. She is definitely news.

★ ★ ★ ★

Leslie Howard *is* Ashley. Olivia de Havilland *is* Melanie. To us their names are no longer Howard and de Havilland.

★ ★ ★ ★

Sidney Howard wrote the ingeniously faithful script. Victor Fleming's direction is the most artful.

★ ★ ★ ★

"Gone With The Wind" reaches a new high in producers' budgets. But its entertainment value also will be a new high in that department.

★ ★ ★ ★

The picture runs approximately four hours. That is why we urge you to watch carefully for your theatre's announcement of the starting time. It is better not to enter in the middle.

★ ★ ★ ★

Selznick International would like to hear from you after you have seen "Gone With The Wind". It has been a great adventure for producer, writer, director, players and all.

—Leo

Advertisement for *Loew's Incorporated*

a comedy element. Somehow murder isn't a funny motive to your Beverly Hills.

It's all about a handsome rich young chap who joins up with an alcoholic newspaperman and his screwy news-photographer pal to solve the murder. A famous Broadway actress has been poisoned on a playboy's houseboat. Producer Hal Roach has aimed for a Topper comedy. He has achieved a jumbled excited comedy melodrama that runs thin even with a stellar cast.

Joan Bennett never looked prettier than as the inspiration for all the males to run down the murderer.

Psychopathic, zany—and merely mildly amusing.

VITAL STATISTICS: **Joan Bennett tested for the role as a blonde and a brunette. With wigs. The dark hair won, hands down. Now Joan says she's through with "the phase of my life that blonde hair represents." Whatever that is. Right now her real hair is returning to its natural deep brown color. Joan always uses a wig, because the intense lights burn out her real tresses. . . . Peggy Wood has a young son, David. Her husband, John V. A. Weaver, author and poet, died a year ago while she was playing in London. Peggy has a charming country place at South Stamford, Connecticut. Is an enthusiastic gardener. Father was a well known writer, Eugene Wood. Peggy likes to write, too. . . . George E. Stone started in Gus Edwards' School Days.**

★ ★½ ON YOUR TOES

THE PLAYERS: Zorina, Eddie Albert, Alan Hale, Frank McHugh, James Gleason, Leonid Kinskey, Gloria Dickson, Queenie Smith, Erik Rhodes, Berton Churchill, Donald O'Connor, Sarita Wooten. Screen play by Jerry Wald, Richard Macaulay; adaptation by Sig Herzig and Lawrence Riley; based on the musical play by Richard Rodgers, Lorenz Hart, and George Abbott. Directed by Ray Enright. Produced by Warner Brothers. Running time, 94 minutes.

THIS Broadway stage hit, translated to films, starts out to be another sob over the demise of vaudeville. Phil Dolan, Jr., the third Phil of a headline variety family, finds himself drifting down to playing the few tiny surviving vaudeville theaters with his song-and-dance parents. Once stars, they're now billed after the free sets of dishes. Phil decides to strike out for himself, writes a jazz ballet, and in no time at all is comically involved with a bankrupt troupe of Russian classic dancers. And in love with the prima ballerina.

Zorina, a hit of Broadway and London musical shows, moves over to films to dance and play the lovely Russian dancer. On her toes she is utterly charming; on her heels she is just a passable actress. The tuneful music of the original is, oddly enough, subordinated to the comedy.

VITAL STATISTICS: **Meet Zorina, folks. She danced the heroine of On Your Toes in the London production, came to New York to appear in the stage fantasy, I Married an Angel. A little over a year ago she married George Balanchine, the choreographer. Which means ballet creator. Zorina was born Brigitta Hartwig in 1917 in Berlin. Actually, she is Norwegian, her parents being natives of Kristiansund, on an island along the seacoast twenty-five miles from Oslo. Started dancing at eight, studied in Paris, appeared in a London show at seventeen, was hired for the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo by Leonide Massine. Toured America and Europe for two seasons. While making the dance scenes Zorina ate one meal a day—and that at night. Wore out three pairs of imported ballet slippers a day.**

★ ★ THREE SONS
(RKO-Radio)

Edward Ellis as the Chicago merchant prince who finds himself, in the drab gray days of old age, deserted by his spendthrift waster offspring. (72 minutes.)

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Ninotchka, Mr. Smith Goes to Washington, Babes in Arms, Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex, Rulers of the Sea, The Real Glory, The Women, The Rains Came, The Wizard of Oz, Stanley and Livingstone, Goodbye Mr. Chips, Only Angels Have Wings, Union Pacific.

★★★½—Eternally Yours, Intermezzo: A Love Story, Disputed Passage, Golden Boy, Young Mr. Lincoln.

★★★—Hollywood Cavalcade, Thunder Afloat, Espionage Agent, Honeymoon in Bali, The Cat and the Canary, Nurse Edith Cavell, Dust Be My Destiny, The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes, The Under-Pup, The Star Maker, Fifth Avenue Girl, Lady of the Tropics, When Tomorrow Comes, The Old Maid, In Name Only, What a Life, Each Dawn I Die, Winter Carnival, Beau Geste, They Shall Have Music, On Borrowed Time, Bachelor Mother, Five Came Back, Daughters Courageous, Man About Town, Jamaica Inn, Four Feathers, Blind Alley, Invitation to Happiness, Rose of Washington Square, It's a Wonderful World, Confessions of a Nazi Spy.

OH M-MOTHER—I'M JUST A W-WASHOUT WITH THIS PIMPLY FACE

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SECOND—Your boy or girl may need more Vitamin A, the vitamin that is important in helping to keep the skin healthy and attractive looking.

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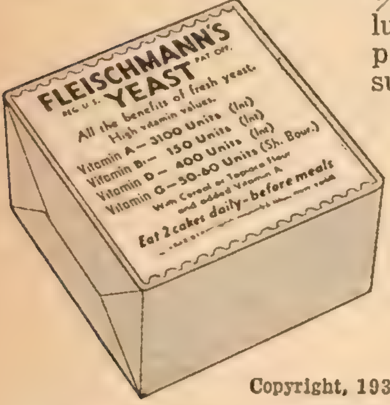
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MORE DREAMS THAT CLEARED UP MURDER

Weird tales from life, strange but true. How would you explain them?

BY H. G. HARGRAVE

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

ON January 12, 1928, beautiful five-year-old Dorothy Schneider, daughter of Leslie Schneider, of Mount Morris, Michigan, failed to come home from kindergarten. Her mother became alarmed and telephoned the school. A search was made and late in the afternoon the child's body was found in Brent Creek by Deputy Sheriff Fred Dormire. She had been criminally assaulted and her body mutilated.

Scores of persons were questioned, but only one slender clue developed. A farmer, Archie Bacon, living near Brent Creek, told the investigators that about two o'clock on the afternoon of January 12 a man knocked at his door and asked help in getting his car out of a mudhole.

Bacon described the driver of the car, a robin's-egg blue Dodge sedan, as a man of fifty or thereabouts, about five feet nine or ten inches tall and weighing about 190 pounds. He was light-complexioned and stooped slightly. He spoke excellent English and appeared to be educated. Over his blue suit he wore a brown-and-green mixed colored overcoat with a grease spot on the right shoulder. He had on a fur cap. The sedan, Bacon thought, was a 1924 model.

Of course there was no evidence to identify this man with the murderer of Dorothy Schneider other than the fact that on the day she disappeared his car had stalled near where the body was found. Nevertheless his description was published in newspapers, and every effort was made to find him—but to no avail.

Then, one Sunday, soon after the murder, the Church of Christ over in Owosso, about fifty miles from Mount Morris, in Shiawassee County, had an installation of officers. Deacon Adolph Hotelling, one of the pillars of the church, was installed as elder and a young man named Harold Lothridge succeeded him as deacon.

On the way home from church Lothridge seemed preoccupied.

"What's troubling you, Harold?" his wife inquired.

Lothridge gave a little nervous laugh. "It's really nothing, but I had a very disquieting dream last night and I guess I've let it upset me. I seemed to see a little girl being murdered. It was a horrible sight."

"You've been thinking too much about that little Schneider girl."

"It was she whom I saw in my dream, and the murderer," he added slowly—"the murderer was some one we both know—a man of our church."

"A man of our church? Who?"

"Elder Adolph Hotelling."

"How perfectly ridiculous! Don't ever tell anybody. People would laugh at you."

"I believe that dream was sent from heaven," declared Lothridge solemnly. "I've got to tell somebody. Do you realize that Hotelling answers the description given by Archie Bacon of the man with the blue car?"

Lothridge confided the story of his dream to his father. Lothridge senior was impressed. He talked it over with a friend, Sheldon S. Robinson.

Robinson averred that he "didn't take much stock in dreams," but he nevertheless relayed the story to an acquaintance, Deputy Sheriff Mark Pailthorpe, in Flint.

"Well, you never can tell, brother," commented Pailthorpe. "There's many a man using the livery of the Lord to serve the devil. I'll check it anyway."

He questioned Lothridge about his strange dream. With evident reluctance the young man reviewed its horror in minute detail.

The sheriff and two deputies went directly to Owosso and examined a Dodge sedan in Hotelling's garage. They then proceeded to the house and were informed by Mrs. Hotelling that her husband was away but was expected home shortly.

"We'll wait for him," announced Pailthorpe. "By the way, Mrs. Hotelling, does your husband wear a fur cap?"

"Why, yes, occasionally."

"Do you mind showing us the cap and also his overcoat?"

From a closet she brought forth a fur cap and an overcoat. The coat had no grease spot on it, but it appeared to have been recently cleaned.

"What is the color of Mr. Hotelling's car?" Pailthorpe asked.

Dorothy failed to come home from kindergarten. Her mother became alarmed and telephoned the school.

"Blue," she responded promptly.

"Well, it isn't blue now. It's black. We scraped off a bit of a new coat of paint, revealing the original blue. Why was the car repainted?"

Mrs. Hotelling didn't know.

Just then the elder returned and was taken into custody. Inside the handle of his keen-bladed knife were tiny shreds of cloth later found to be similar in color and texture to that of the murdered child's dress.

Hotelling made a full confession and was sentenced to life imprisonment, the heaviest penalty possible under the Michigan law.

JAMES M. LOWELL of Lewiston, Maine, was a shiftless character whose attractive wife Elizabeth had been obliged to seek work as a domestic in order to support herself, and so when, on June 12, 1870, she disappeared, nobody was surprised. She had threatened often to leave him.

On the night of June 11 Lowell and his wife had attended a circus in Auburn, and to friends who inquired for her, Lowell announced that she had skipped with one of the circus men.

On August 12, when Elizabeth Lowell had been missing exactly two months, Mrs. Lydia H. Blenthen received a very peculiar letter from her friend Mrs. Sarah Burton, the mother of Elizabeth. It read in part:

"Lydia, I have just had a dream which has disturbed me greatly. It was about Elizabeth.

"I seemed to be on a river road and all at once I saw a wagon ahead of me. I said to myself, 'There's Lizzie and Jim.' I kept walking behind them as fast as I could, when suddenly Jim turned into a byroad and they disappeared in a thicket of pine.

"I next saw Lizzie lying on the ground. Jim was standing over her with his arms raised in the act of striking her. She was pleading for her life. I heard her cry, distinctly, 'Oh, Jim! Don't murder me!'

". . . I struggled to get to her, but what seemed to be a thick fog arose between us, preventing my approach. Then I seemed to be standing by her grave in the woods and I could see the pine boughs waving over her. . . ."

More than three years after Mrs. Burton had written the foregoing letter (on October 15, 1873) John N. Small, hewing timber off Switzerland Road on the Androscoggin River in Lewiston, noticed under a giant pine two rows of buttons, evidently from a woman's dress. Brushing away an accumulation of pine needles and cones, he uncovered a bleached skeleton. The Lewiston Journal ran the story of the unidentified remains.

Mrs. Blenthen read the story—and remembered Mrs. Burton's letter of August 12, 1870. She found it and reread it. Then she went to the office of City Marshal H. H. Richardson.

From the double row of buttons to which shreds of cloth adhered and from measurements and other evidence, the skeleton was identified as that of Elizabeth Lowell. Jim Lowell was finally located in Lawrence, Massachusetts. He was arrested and promptly indicted for first-degree murder in the slaying of his wife.

On February 10, 1874, his trial opened before Judge Charles W. Walton and a jury. Witness after witness gave incriminating testimony. The state placed him at the scene of the crime on the day his wife disappeared, and the exhibits included a pair of bloodstained trousers which he wore that day.

He was found guilty, sentenced to death, and hanged at the state prison at Thomaston.

ON the night of March 31, 1937, Mrs. J. L. Feagan of San Angelo, Texas, awoke with a sudden start from a disturbing dream.

She had dreamed that her eighty-one-year-old mother, Mrs. Viola L. King, living at Anson, 125 miles away, had died in agony under horrible circumstances.

All next day the dream haunted her, and that night it came again.

"There's something wrong with mother," she told her husband after her second uncanny experience. "I'm going to drive over to Anson."

On Friday morning, April 2, Mrs. Feagan, accompanied by her daughter Dollie, drove to Anson. It was shortly after noon when they arrived. They found Mrs. King in the yard busy in the flower beds.

The trio entered the house. Mrs. Feagan asked: "How are you feeling, mother?"

"Never felt better," responded the old lady. "This mild weather is—"

Her eyes closed and she slipped from her chair to the floor. She was unconscious when they picked her up. A physician was called, but Mrs. King died in an agonizing convulsion soon after his arrival.

A post-mortem examination was conducted, and the state chemist recovered enough strychnine from the body to have killed ten people.

An immediate investigation was begun. Roy Cochran, a Stamford druggist, told detectives that he had sold fifty-four grains of strychnine to a woman on April 2. She signed the report book, "E. G. Bethany, Peacock, Texas." At the funeral of Mrs. King the pharmacist identified Mrs. L. Dansby, a tenant in one of Mrs. King's houses, as the woman to whom he had sold the drug.

Mrs. Dansby was arrested and charged with first-degree murder. She finally confessed. She had secured Mrs. King's signature to checks which the aged woman had signed under the impression that they were rent receipts. When Mrs. King's son John had been given power of attorney, Mrs. Dansby realized that her fraud would be discovered. She bought the strychnine and gave it to the kindly old lady in a glass of lemonade.

Except for the premonitory dream of Mrs. Feagan, the murder would probably never have been discovered. Mrs. King would have died alone in the yard among her flowers, the poison symptoms would not have been observed, and there would have been no investigation. Death would naturally have been ascribed to old age.

THE END

WHO LEFT THAT TOY THERE! Too late now to matter whose fault it was. But not too late to put on a Band-Aid . . . after the cut has been treated properly. Band-Aid is a ready-made bandage of gauze and adhesive. It helps keep out dirt. Sticks on securely. Be sure to get *genuine Band-Aid*. It's made only by Johnson & Johnson. Look for the Red Cross on the package.

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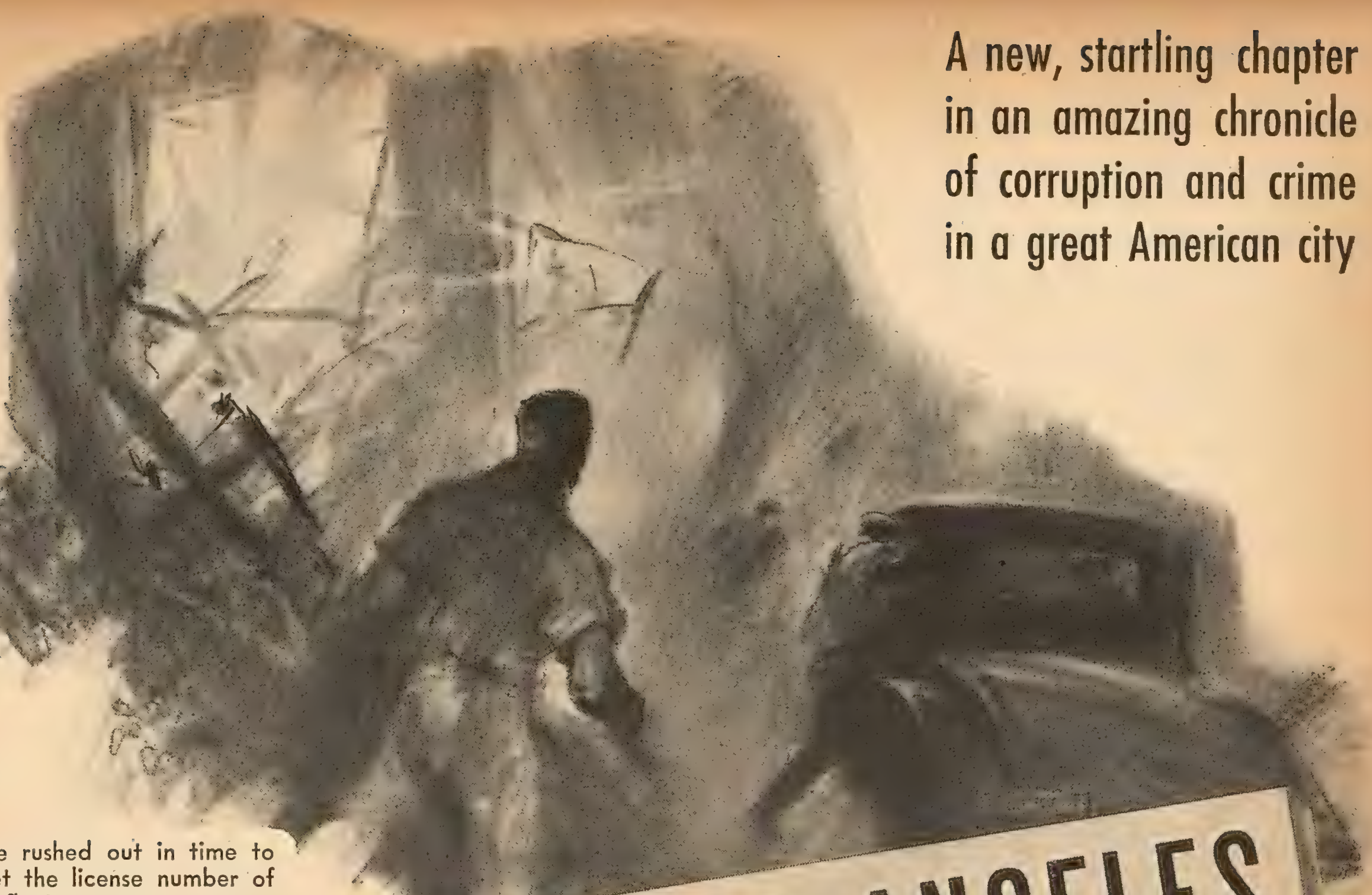

He rushed out in time to get the license number of a fleeing car—a car assigned to the Spy Squad.

THE LID OFF LOS ANGELES

BY DWIGHT F. McKINNEY and FRED ALLHOFF

READING TIME ● 27 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

As lord of organized vice and gambling, and overlord of the Los Angeles city government, Charlie Crawford was succeeded by a group of men, the very names of most of whom were unknown to the average citizen. In 1933 Frank L. Shaw was elected mayor. As his secretary, his brother Joseph built up a new streamlined graft system. It was Joe who organized within the Police Department that deservedly so-called Spy Squad whose function was to " get the dirt on " and to persecute any critic of the Shaw administration.

John Langan, a movie studio director with mineralogy as a side line, could have told Clifford E. Clinton in 1937 what it meant to fall foul of the Spy Squad. For in 1936 Langan, returning from an investigation of mica deposits in Arizona, was questioned at the state line by the police who had been posted there because of the dust-bowl refugees. Angered, he brought suit in Federal Court against Chief of Police Davis and the city.

The Spy Squad, headed by Sergeant Earle E. Kynette, swung into action. Langan's attorneys Packard and Carter were mendaciously " smeared " as being Communists, and so was he. They found themselves shadowed and their phones tapped. His wife was threatened with deportation. Then Packard in court received from him in Arizona a telegram: the suit must be dropped. Carter went and put new heart into the client on whom the Spy Squad had been working. Later Kynette " entertained " the Langans with an ominous exhibition of the Spy Squad's dirt-digging achievements in other cases.

The night before his suit was to come to trial, Langan left his home with Kynette. When court opened the next day, he had not returned. This time Packard received a letter from him asking that the proceedings be dismissed. The federal judge ruled otherwise, unless Langan should appear in person and make his request. Two hours later he did so, obviously with all the fight taken out of him. Neither before nor after the case was dismissed would he explain, and to this day what had happened to him overnight, in Kynette's company, is a mystery.

A few weeks later Chief Davis announced that Kynette had been promoted to captain " for meritorious service in the Langan case."

PART FOUR—CHIEF DAVIS PULLS A BONER

IF you have reason to believe that public officials are guilty of corrupt or willful misconduct in office, if you have reason to believe that graft or corruption or bribery exists —wherever it may be found and regardless of who may be involved—in such a situation I charge you to act diligently, faithfully, and courageously."

Those had been the instructions of Judge William Tell Aggeler (originally composed by Judge Fletcher Bowron) to the 1937 grand jury of Los Angeles County, and Clifford E. Clinton, mightily impressed by them, had taken a solemn oath. He hadn't taken it with his fingers crossed.

Slot machines were to be found all over town. Bawdy houses—from the two-dollar establishments on Central Avenue, Los Angeles' "Harlem," to the ten- to fifty-dollar bordellos of Hollywood and the Beverly Hills district—flourished all over the city. And with every other step you tripped over some lad booking horse bets.

These things, as in any other town, were symptoms, sure signs of an underworld allied with officials sworn to stamp that underworld out.

Why, Clinton wondered thoughtfully, did some of Los Angeles' public officials spend on their campaigns ten times the salary that they would receive if elected?

There was only one conclusion. Graft and corruption—which he and his fellow grand jurors had solemnly sworn to ferret out and smash— existed in high places. With pathetic confidence and eagerness, he set his feet upon a trail cluttered with the bones of others who had tried to combat the underworld and the city administration.

When he introduced one of his first motions (to determine whether protected vice and gambling existed), he was given a mild warning by most of his fellow grand jurors, on whom he was relying. "Oh, we don't want to have anything to do with vice and gambling," he was told. "Those things just go on. Always have. You can't do anything about them."

Clinton tried to explain that his aim was a chase not of prostitutes and petty gamblers but of the underworld leaders and their political protectors. They shrugged him off.

ONLY three of his fellow grand jurors sided with him. These were eminently respectable men, like himself: Harry L. Ferguson, a retired architect; Earl H. Kelly, a realtor; and John L. Bogue, a Baptist minister, the first minister to serve on a Los Angeles grand jury.

Now, what happens in the confines of the grand jury chamber is, properly, quite secret. The jurors' oath binds them to keep it so. Yet there was early evidence that this 1937 grand jury leaked. Organized vice and gambling, at a conservative estimate, were worth not less than fifty million dollars a year to the interests that ran them. Word got out that Clinton was leading an attack on these illegal sources of revenue.

One J. E. Lambert, employed by a concern which among other wares placed punch boards around the city, and nominal head of a so-called Municipal Improvement Association among whose members were friends of Mayor Shaw, attacked Clinton's qualifications as a grand juror and demanded "investigation" of him on charges of having stolen a safe.

The charges were ludicrous. One day in Oakland, California, eight years before, Clinton and his children had been playing on an old salvaged destroyer on the mud flats. They had innocently removed some rusty worthless articles from the wreck and had been charged with petty theft. In open court those charges had been dismissed.

It was the sort of thing that could happen to any one, and it is interesting that Clinton's enemies should have had to reach back so far for even so flimsy an incident. The significant thing is that any one should have troubled to dig so deep into a man's past for evidence with which to discredit him.

Who had done that digging? And why?

The 1937 grand jury, at this stage angered by this attempt to cast suspicion on one of its members, looked into the matter. It found that the Spy Squad—the quarter-of-a-million-dollar organization that in the three and a half years of its existence had harassed hundreds of persons but had made not one arrest—had its fine hand in this bit of pseudo-scandal.

The man who came to the front with the absurd charges was later rewarded by the Shaw administration with a job as secretary to the Health Commission.

Clinton meanwhile had submitted one motion after another in an effort to prod the grand jury into an investigation of protected vice. He got nowhere.

He talked it over with Bogue, Kelly, and Ferguson. If the grand jury wouldn't investigate these things, they would. If their investigations produced evidence, the grand jury would be forced to act.

The Shaw regime's police chief James Davis, who pinned a medal on Clinton.

Theoretically, this reasoning was watertight.

First, Clinton had a talk with Judge William Tell Aggeler, who had convened the grand jury. He told him of his plans. Judge Aggeler was alarmed. "Please," he said, "don't fill our courts with a procession of small-time gamblers and prostitutes."

Clinton was about to say he had no such intention when the judge swiveled around in his chair, nodded toward a window through which the City Hall was visible, and added, "But if you can uncover evidence that will lead to the rascals there, you have my blessing."

Clinton, Kelly, Bogue, and Ferguson set out. They visited a place on Washington Boulevard, where a colored maid assured them that the girls would be "right down."

They produced their credentials and their grand jurors' badges—and almost scared the life out of her. They explained they were merely in search of information. They got a lot of that, most of it only of sociological value. They learned, for example, how much money a girl could make in a night. They took pictures of girls and customers, permitting them, of course, to cover their faces.

But when they asked to whom these women paid money for protection against raids, they got only silence or denials.

It was around this time that Clinton was summoned to the office of Mayor Shaw. What happened there was an incredible bit of burlesque.

It seems that some time earlier a friend of Clinton had shown the little restaurant man a new acquisition—an honorary police badge. Clinton, greatly impressed by it, had expressed the wish that he might have one. He didn't recognize it then for what it was—an empty honor. Badges were being passed out wholesale. They stimulated campaign funds and support in elections. And they were conferred gratis upon men whom the administration wished to impress.

The Shaw administration (but not Chief Davis, who was utterly innocent of badge-selling) peddled those honorary police badges to bookies, bartenders — any one. Eventually 8,000 of them were issued.

Clinton arrived at Mayor Shaw's office to be distinguished by having badge No. 4020 bestowed upon him.

Portly Mayor Shaw was there to greet him solemnly but warmly. And cordial, big-bodied Chief Davis was there, looking quite military in his neat blue uniform, with two marksmanship medals on his chest.

IT was quite an occasion. Mayor Shaw made a sonorous, imposing speech. When he had finished, Chief Davis pinned the gleaming police badge on Clinton's lapel. Then he stepped back, snapped to attention, saluted. Clinton returned the salute.

Chief Davis gave Honorary Policeman Clinton his instructions: "You will uphold the integrity and high honor of the Police Department. You will assist it in coping with its many problems." He added, slyly, that one of these problems was a growing disrespect on the part of the public (due to a misunderstanding) and assured Clinton that it was now his duty, if he saw any evidence anywhere of law violation, to notify the Police Department at once.

Clinton, standing erect, found himself under such a deluge of praise as would have made any man breathe hard. Both the Mayor and the Chief of Police assured him it was a pleasure to honor so outstanding a citizen.

Today Clifford Clinton chuckles a little as he recalls the incident. But—and it is striking proof of his utter honesty—he has the courage to admit: "You know, even now, knowing that they meant not a word of what they said about me, I still can't help feeling good about the fine things they did say."

He soon discovered that his honorary police badge was quite helpful in obtaining evidence from prostitutes and gamblers. They probably figured that he was "one of the boys," and when he asked, shrewdly, whether everything was all right and whether any one had been there to collect the week's protection money, he often got revealing answers.

He and his three fellow members of the grand-jury minority group piled up evidence of protected vice and gambling, including a picture of a prosperous Los Angeles policeman seated in his car outside a bookmaking office that he ran. A high-school boy furnished a list of one hundred and sixteen bawdyhouses. It was found to be reasonably accurate.

Los Angeles' Negro district yielded some sordid pay dirt. Its boss, a high-ranking police official referred to by its dusky inhabitants as "Sweetie Pie," had converted it into a sort of personal plantation which he ran with the sweetness of Simon Legree. Negro maids going home at night often were picked up by cops and charged with being streetwalkers. Either they paid ten dollars or got cuffed around and tossed into a cell.

CLINTON found no evidence of white slavery. The girls he interviewed were prostitutes voluntarily; they hoped to make enough money to retire and—like any other women—eventually to marry. But they assured him that girls who lived in houses that did not have police protection nearly starved to death. And they were the helpless victims of a maddening small-scale viciousness.

Clinton dumped his evidence of the existence of protected vice into the laps of his fellow grand jurors. Unable to disregard him longer, the grand jury passed a motion to investigate vice and gambling.

It proved a hollow triumph for him. The grand jury promptly shuttled the whole thing to five of its members who constituted the Criminal Complaints Committee. The secretary of that committee was Harry R. Chapman. He was said, in the petition for a writ of mandate, to bear relationship to Bob Gans. And Abe Chapman, allegedly a brother of Harry Chapman, was one of the incorporators of Camoa, the California Amusement Machine Operators Association, which had more than 2,000 marble-game machines then in operation in Los Angeles.

In addition, the petition for the writ charged that two other members of the committee were a man who, since becoming a grand juror, had enjoyed business from the city, and a man who was connected with the city's Water and Power Department, one of whose commissioners later was convicted as a racketeer.

Not until Clinton, waiting hopefully, found that there was to be no action did he unearth these facts.

The machine turned a pro-Shaw press loose on him. He was berated as a dictator, a Red, a bluenose, a long-hair, and as a "one-man grand jury." He was even accused by Mayor Shaw himself of heading an Eastern gang of racketeers who intended to take over local vice and gambling. Later, disguised scandal sheets, quoting Scripture, charged that Clinton wanted vice districts to run wide open under city management, and drew hair-raising pictures of white slavers' methods.

Later, too, circulars appeared out of nowhere, blandly asserting that Clinton's cafeterias were sweatshops from which overworked girls fled to the comparative ease of prostitution. Administration scandal sheets then reprinted these anonymous charges.

It is doubtful if on any page of America's political history you can find an instance of more vicious, false, and contemptible harassment of a decent American business man. Even Clinton, who has a spring-steel resiliency, was about ready to admit defeat in that moment. He was getting nowhere. The 1937 mayoralty campaign was under way and the Shaw machine was fighting to keep its greedy snout in the trough for a second term. It had money, and it had the press, a good many business men, and the boys of the "nether regions" behind it. It wanted no complaints about vice or gambling at this moment. And Clinton and his business were suffering from attack.

He talked it over one day with his wife and daughter and two sons. Should he go on fighting? He had been licked at every turn, he faced only a licking in the future, and the costs to all of them might be great.

"We decided," he explains today, quietly, "that we could not escape from ourselves. We must live with our own consciences. Our self-respect, our status as decent citizens demanded that we fight. True, we might lose our security, even our lives. We preferred that to losing our self-respect."

And so Clinton fought on, while Mrs. Clinton worked ten hours a day in her husband's cafeteria.

BEFORE his grand-jury experience, his acquaintance County Supervisor John Anson Ford had been opposing Mayor Frank L. (Throw the Grafters Out) Shaw. It had been a pretty dirty re-election campaign on the part of the Shaw machine. The Spy Squad trailed Ford, the Police Department checked his personal history for the years 1911 to 1920, before he had come to Los Angeles. Though they found nothing incriminating, an anonymous letter accusing him of immorality was sent to the County Board.

The wife of a prominent business man asked Ford to speak at a luncheon of fifty clubwomen. Mayor Shaw's president of the Harbor Commission telephoned her to say that he had heard Ford was to speak, and that she had better cancel the luncheon; he had heard that her husband's ship-chandlering business might suffer harm otherwise. She refused. One of the Shaws called her to give her the same warning. Finally her husband was called by men who said they were the representatives of three big steamship companies. The tenor of

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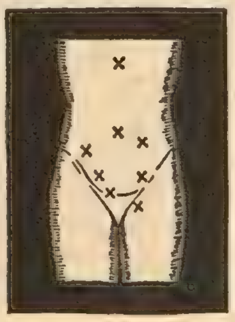

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their message was the same: His wife had better lay off that luncheon.

A community newspaper in Los Angeles had had the temerity to favor Ford over Frank L. Shaw. Joe Shaw told the publisher that his theater advertising was in danger. It was. Theater managers were visited by city health inspectors who advised them that an epidemic was about to start. Their theaters would be closed unless precautions were taken. They canceled their advertising in the community paper. There was no epidemic. The newspaper publisher came out for Shaw in his next edition. His advertisers returned.

A FORD campaign manager, out for a drive, was run off a road. A campaign worker had his teeth knocked out. A friend of Ford loaned him his office for a district headquarters. The building was stink-bombed.

A man heckled Shaw while he was making a campaign speech. A burly man, one of a busload attending the meeting, put on brass knuckles and opened the side of the heckler's face with a blow that knocked him out of his seat into the aisle.

Phony throw sheets, emblazoned with red hammer and sickle and purporting to be Communist endorsements of Ford, were dropped on the city from an airplane.

His Honor Shaw ran into a couple of embarrassments. The town had been plastered with a photograph showing him riding in an automobile beside President and Mrs. Roosevelt. It had a lovely backdrop—the national Capitol. Ford set the public to laughing when he pointed out that the picture actually had been taken in Los Angeles when President Roosevelt had been there. The Capitol had been skillfully dubbed in.

Then, in the heat of the campaign, arose a more serious matter. A cable came to Los Angeles from a man in France who said he was broke and wanted to come back. He was Dave Clark, the ex-prosecutor who had shot and killed Charlie Crawford and Spencer and had later vanished from his home. This was unpleasant. Suddenly revived was the talk of underworld figures, of gambling. The man in the street was curious. Why had Clark fled to Europe? Where had he been all this time?

Guy McAfee, it was rumored, paid Clark's passage back to America. Clark landed in Boston, was joined by his wife, but did not hurry home. Neither did he answer questions. He slipped unobtrusively into Los Angeles on election night as the votes were being counted.

Those votes, by a slim majority of 25,000, defeated Ford and put Mayor Shaw back into office.

But the Shaw administration was not yet out of the woods. A group of churchwomen appealed to the Mayor to do something about the vice and gambling that Clinton charged existed. He replied sonorously that there was no protected vice in his city and that its Police Department was one of the best in the country. Los Angeles, he said, was the "white spot in the nation." In a rash burst of oratory he offered any sincere committee full authority to make a thorough investigation.

Clinton read the Mayor's offer with interest, if not with astonishment. He asked Dr. A. M. Wilkinson, a prominent Hollywood physician and member of the County Social Welfare Commission, to call together a group of citizens to elect a committee which would ask the Mayor for his authorization to investigate.

The meeting was held in the German Methodist church. Clinton was elected chairman of the committee. It soon called upon Mayor Shaw. The Mayor, with Chief Davis and Joe Shaw behind him, began to hedge. With some asperity he said:

"You ladies and gentlemen have come here, and we happen to know that you are not sincere but are attempting to destroy public confidence in the officials of this city."

The ladies and gentlemen disclaimed any such purpose. Joe Shaw handed his brother a report from Chief Davis. The Mayor read it and turned on the Rev. Wendell Miller, one of his visitors. "This report," he said, "shows that you told your barber the other day that the officials of this city were corrupt and deserved to be ousted from office."

"That," Mr. Miller replied unperturbedly, "is exactly what I did tell him."

The Mayor was supplied with "reports" on many of those present. He attacked Dr. Wilkinson's sincerity on the grounds that he had met with and received money from a gambler. It was not as bad as it sounded. Dr. Wilkinson had staged a pageant for the Church Brotherhood. Guy McAfee had contributed a generous amount. Wilkinson had accepted it for the Church Brotherhood.

CLINTON, tiring of the little farce, pinned the Mayor to his chair with a few deft sentences.

"All of this," he said, "is beside the point. This committee pledges itself on two things. First, to act as a body, not as individuals. Second, we promise you that if we find your claims to be true—that protected vice and gambling do not exist in Los Angeles—we shall be the strongest supporters you have ever had."

It was a neat verbal trap. The Mayor went into a huddle with Joe and the chief. He came out of it to give his grudging authorization to an investigation. But Chief Davis had a final word to say. "This whole thing," he stormed, "is, nonetheless, against the true public interest. It is bad. It undermines morale."

And then he put his foot squarely in his mouth: "I still say your motives are insincere. I know what you are contemplating. You are making this effort as a basis for instituting recall proceedings in January."

Clifford Clinton asked one of the committee members, when they were outside, "What did he mean? What are recall proceedings?"

It was explained to him that in Los Angeles, if one obtains the signatures of 20 per cent of the electors who voted in the last election, and has them certified, then the City Council must call an election within sixty days. The Mayor who is in office must run against whatever candidates are in the field against him. If one of those candidates receives a majority, he replaces the Mayor.

As Clinton listened to all this, his eyes were bright and his face thoughtful, though he said merely, "H'mm!"

Several days after receiving the Mayor's blessing, the committee announced a long-term program of investigation. On the following day the Mayor revoked his authorization and appointed a committee of his own, which was never heard from again.

BUT Clinton and his band kept together, called themselves CIVIC (Citizens' Independent Vice Investigating Committee) and offered to finance Mayor Shaw if he wished to investigate as to their motives. All members of CIVIC pledged themselves not to hold public office.

Clinton's immediate concern now was to obtain evidence of collusion between Los Angeles officials and the underworld. It was suggested to him that he hire an attorney, Arthur Brigham Rose. Skeptical and cagey by this time, he first privately checked up on Attorney Rose. What he found out delighted him.

Arthur Brigham Rose was a fighter, adroit, courageous, and no man's fool. He had a worldly-wise viewpoint which was exactly what the citizens who comprised CIVIC most needed. And he knew of all "dirt-getting" tricks of the syndicate and of the Spy Squad.

He welcomed cases that other lawyers considered "too hot to handle." He was a perfect and seasoned guide for Clifford Clinton, who was determined to walk the jungle trails in search of corruption.

Clinton and Rose began to gather evidence and affidavits. Rose was offered $100,000 to quit. He refused. They told him he could write his own ticket. He said no.

Clinton received and refused an even more amazing offer. He had become interested in a hotel project. To finance it would require an even two million dollars. An unidentified man phoned him one night: "I am prepared to offer you complete financing of that project on your own terms, on the condition that you stick to your business and lay off this CIVIC clean-up campaign."

One of the men from whom Clinton and Rose had obtained an affidavit concerning the colored gambling situation was James Alexander, a small newspaper editor. For signing the affidavit he lost his advertisers and his paper. And then one night a rain of bricks smashed through the windows of his home. He rushed out in time to get the license number of a fleeing car. Clinton and Rose checked it. The plates were issued to a car assigned to Kynette's Spy Squad.

Art Simms, a colored man, furnished Clinton, through Rose, with an affidavit revealing vice pay-offs in Los Angeles' Harlem. Simms was arrested on a vagrancy charge, despite the fact that he was a property owner. Held in $500 bond, he was locked in a cell from which he sent messages to Clinton. These were never received. Nearly a week elapsed before Clinton heard that Simms was in jail.

When he did, he hurried to the jail with Earl Kelly. "Everything will be all right now," they assured Simms in his cell. "Don't worry."

"Here I am," Simms said bitterly. "You tell me not to worry and I been sitting here in jail for a week. I ain't had a shave and my face is swollen. They feed me on beans. I'm sick. I sent out to get you to come down and get me out of here and you never came. Now, today, I got a subpoena to go to the grand jury. I'll tell 'em nothing. Look what they did to me already."

Clinton got the poor Negro out of jail and took him to his own home. The next day, convinced that he had friends after all, Simms told the grand jury the facts as he had set them forth in his affidavit.

When he came to trial on the vagrancy charge, four policemen testified that they had seen him in the company of known crooks. Attorney Rose let them all so testify. Then, smiling, he got up and put one question to them: "Why, if you saw this man in the company of known crooks, did you fail to arrest those crooks?"

A jury acquitted Simms in fifteen minutes.

Clinton was overlooking no possible source of information. More than a year before, a strong voice had been raised against the underworld control of Los Angeles. It had been the voice of a woman—Rheba Crawford Splivalo, "Angel of Broadway," one-time director of California's State Department of Social Welfare and at that time assistant pastor of Aimée Semple McPherson's Angelus Temple.

SHORTLY after John Langan had been "persuaded" to drop his suit against Chief Davis and the city for his embarrassment at the hands of the California Border Patrol, Rheba Crawford went on the air. She had a large and faithful following and she gave the Spy Squad merry hell. In a broadcast on April 3, 1936, she attacked the Shaw gang and charged that there existed in Los Angeles "a death-dealing machine builded by taxpayers' dollars" that engineered frame-ups and employed every agency possible "to strike terror and fear to the heart of the questioning citizen."

She said, "Day and night, one who has offended lives with tapped telephone wires, death threats, weird warnings and endless hours—I know! . . . This is America—not Germany! Los Angeles—not Moscow!

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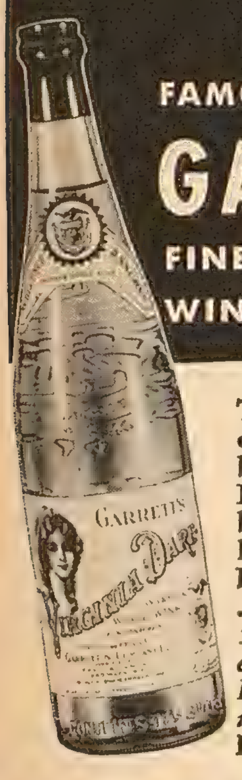

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Attention, grand jury! Do your duty!"

She obtained and broadcast the addresses of illegal establishments in which, it was charged, Guy McAfee had a protective interest.

It was reasonable to expect some sort of dénouement. It came. Rheba Crawford took a trip with her husband to Honolulu. She returned, went on the air and, this time, sang the praises of the Shaw administration.

WHY? There is no conclusive evidence available, although there is reason to believe that the Spy Squad tapped her phone wires and put dictographs in her apartment. What happened after that is any one's guess. For some reason, she had a change of heart. Among the many who wondered why was Clifford Clinton.

For what it may be worth, here is the description that Aimée Semple McPherson, in a deposition taken at the time when she was defendant in a slander suit for $1,080,000 brought against her by Rheba Crawford but settled out of court, without trial, gave of an incident which, she said, had preceded Rheba's trip to Honolulu. The incident, she said, had occurred on the parsonage stairs. She said that Miss Crawford, in the presence of witnesses, had said that her policy (the words are Aimée's) was "to kick everybody in the shins. For instance, she had kicked the governor of the state in the shins until he gave her husband a job. To kick the Police Department in the shins until they would holler for help and give up."

"Give up what?" Aimée was asked.

"Their fight of her, until they holler for help and would come through with a donation to the Temple. She said: 'The underworld pays off in other cities and I do not see why they would not pay off in Los Angeles.' And, in the presence of Miss Jordan and Miss Nordin, Miss Crawford said: 'I will leave for Honolulu and while I am gone I expect representatives for the gamblers to offer you $130,000, and if they do, take it and split fifty-fifty with me.' I thought she was joking and remarked to Miss Jordan: 'I am sure she must be joking. Miss Crawford does not mean that. Surely you are joking?' And Miss Crawford said: 'I was never more serious in my life. They pay off in other counties, why not here?'

"All of that made me feel bewildered and trepidation of the outcome."

Clifford Clinton was eager to have Rheba Crawford tell her story—whatever it might be—to the 1937 grand jury. He preferred that she appear as a voluntary witness. How to approach her?

Clinton's daughter Jean was a schoolmate and friend of the stepdaughter of David Hutton, plump ex-husband of Aimée Semple McPherson. Through that friendship, a meeting was arranged between Clinton and Hutton.

Clinton went to Hutton's house on the evening of October 3, 1937. Mrs. Dave Hutton, Jr., was present. Clinton explained that he wanted David Hutton to appeal to Rheba Crawford and ask her to assist him.

"You mean by that," Hutton said, "that she has to come across and—"

"She has to tell the truth and nothing but the truth."

"Names and all?"

"And addresses."

"Well, who is involved?" asked Hutton.

"It involves Joe Shaw. It involves all the other elements—Andy Foley, [Guy] McAfee. It involves the whole picture. . . . Mostly the city administration. . . . It's just a racket from start to finish."

"Who is on top of that? Is Rheba on top?"

"No. Rheba is just a dupe in the whole thing."

"Being used by whom?"

"By Joe Shaw, McAfee."

Mrs. Hutton interposed a question: "You mean Guy McAfee, who runs all those gambling houses?"

Clinton said, "Let me tell you how this . . . Joe Shaw is with the administration. Joe Shaw runs our city. Joe Shaw is the Mayor's brother and Mayor's secretary who watches. Handles the Mayor's—that particular stuff as he does the city government. Most of those things . . . work right out of the Mayor's office."

This was the first time that Clifford Clinton fully showed his hand; the first time he told any one that he completely comprehended the graft setup in Los Angeles and did not intend to stop until he had reached the Mayor's office and Joe Shaw. The conversation was held between 7.20 and 8 P. M. in a private home at Second and St. Andrews streets. It might as well have been shouted aloud on the steps of City Hall.

For Joe Shaw and his Spy Squad had learned that Clinton was to confer with Dave Hutton. And—without the knowledge of any of those in the house—they had secretly installed a dictograph recording outfit, under the leadership of Captain Kynette.

EVERY word of that conversation was recorded. It was transcribed into a confidential report, listed among the Spy Squad records as "File E-7 and D-6."

The Spy Squad knew Clifford Clinton's objective now. Every day he was becoming more dangerous. The situation called for more drastic measures, sterner warning.

It came, one midnight later in the month. A bomb rocked Clinton's home.

Was the Joe Shaw machine actually, as Clinton declared, the armament of a ring of public enemies in the vice-and-gambling underworld? Was that ring actually bleeding Los Angeles of untold millions? The facts, with figures, will come to light in Liberty next week. So will the story of how some of common decency's foes at last struck back—to kill!

EIGHTH WEEK!

$2,000

CASH PRIZE

WORDS Within Words

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CONTEST

223 AWARDS WILL BE PAID

Your Chance to Win Is Excellent

FOLLOW THESE RULES

1. The contest will run for ten weeks, ending in the issue of Liberty dated December 16, 1939.

2. Each week a diagram will be printed providing a key word and seven horizontal squares for each letter constituting the key word.

3. To compete, insert on each horizontal line a single word of not more than eight nor less than two letters, the letter of the key word in any line to be the first letter of the word you fill in. Each word used must consist entirely of letters appearing in the key word. Funk & Wagnalls New unabridged Standard Dictionary is the official reference authority for this contest. Any English word, including proper nouns, appearing in this dictionary under the letters A to Z inclusive may be used, provided no letter appears therein more often than it appears in the key word, i.e., if T appears in the key word three times it may be used not more than three times in any horizontal word. Combining and other variable forms not specifically appearing as complete words in the above-mentioned section will not be considered. Tables of whatever nature in the appendix are not authority for this contest.

4. Method of scoring: Each letter in the finished diagram, including the letters of the key word, counts one point the first time it is used and increases in value by one point upon each successive use. In filling in spaces, place letters below and their values above the diagonal lines. Thus, above the first letter of the key word put the figure 1. Place 2 above this letter the next time it appears and 3 above it the next time it appears, etc. Your completed diagram will show a score number above each letter of each word. Then add up the total of all numbers in the diagram and enter it on the line provided below.

5. Clip and save all coupons until your set of ten is complete at the end of the contest. Upon the final diagram a space will be provided for you to enter the grand total of all the diagrams in your entry. Then send them to WORDS WITHIN WORDS EDITOR, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Mail flat by first-class postage.

6. The entry with the largest grand total will be considered the best and will be awarded the $500 First Prize. In the order of their excellence other entries will receive: Second Prize, $200; Third Prize, $100; Twenty Prizes, each $10; 200 Prizes, each $5. Neatness will count. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid.

7. The closing date of this contest is Friday, December 29, 1939, and entries received after that date will not be considered.

8. No entries will be returned, nor can we enter into correspondence with any competitor. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Any one may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications and members of their families.

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DIAGRAM No. 8. *Total*........

NOW is the time to get into the Words Within Words game if you have delayed entry. You still can enter and win if you act without further loss of time. This is the eighth week and you can start direct from this page. Read the Rules carefully so that you understand how to go about winning your share of the prize money. Rule 3 explains how to fill in the horizontal words and what words are available. It should be added in clarification that plural forms of words are acceptable. To understand the method of scoring, study Rule 4. Briefly, any letter increases in value by one point each time it appears upon the completed diagram. Add the total for each horizontal word and then add up the total for the entire diagram. A space will be provided on the final diagram for the grand total of all ten in the set. Of course, if you are just entering you will understand that no diagrams are to be submitted until the end of the contest. Now, if you are just starting an entry you will need to make up lost ground in order to be even with the field. Here is how to do it.

LATE-ENTRY OFFER

If you missed the first seven contest diagrams you can obtain reprints upon written request to the contest address in Rule 5, enclosing five cents in stamps to cover cost of handling and mailing. Upon each late-entry reprint will be reproduced a completely worked-out diagram illustrating how to fill in the horizontal words and compute the score.

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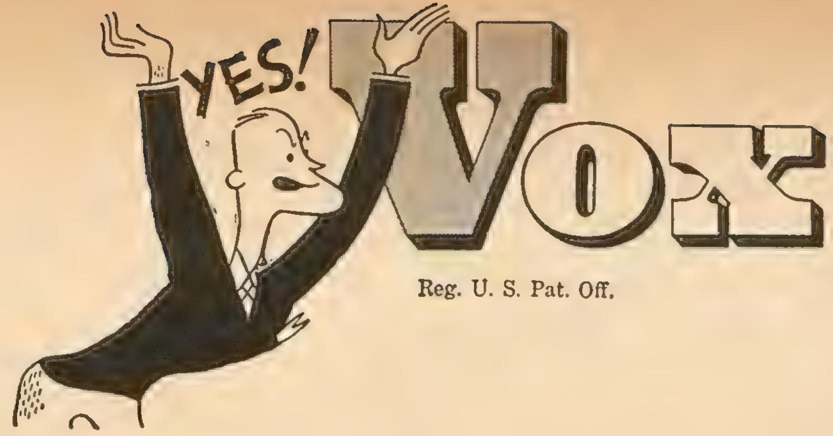
YES!
Vox
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THERE ARE NO "GERMAN BOY SCOUTS"

NEW YORK, N. Y.—In September 23 Liberty an article by " a Reporter for Liberty " purports to give " the *facts* about the Nazis in the U. S. A." In the body of the article, in the first column on page 30, reference is made to the oath said to be required of " boys of German stock " joining the German-American Bund " branch of the German Youth Organization."

Your reporter in an ensuing paragraph calls attention to the fact that in such oath there is nowhere " a single word concerning the American Constitution or loyalty to this nation."

Your writer further stresses the fact that a similar oath " is required of the younger recruit for admission into the 'German Boy Scouts,' as conducted under the German-American Bund."

I need not remind you, I am sure, of the fundamental purpose of the Boy Scouts of America, pursuant of the charter from Congress under which we operate, namely, to train boys for useful citizenship, under the guidance of adult leaders who are citizens sworn to uphold the Constitution of the United States of America, and like the Boy Scout membership committed to do their best to do their duty to God and country and to obey the Scout laws.

On the other hand, may I invite the attention of the readers of Liberty to the fact that under the Third German Reich there is no Boy Scout organization in Germany, and that it seems scarcely credible that any organization in the United States believed to be affiliated with and perhaps under the remote control and direction of the German government would be engaged in the promotion of so-called " German Boy Scouts."

I am inclined to believe that your reporter was confused in his terminology when referring to the younger boys enrolled in a program said to have been devised for them by the German-American Bund, or perhaps may have used the designation " German Boy Scouts " loosely.

I say this because, under the act of Congress approved June 15, 1916, only the Boy Scouts of America is lawfully entitled to the use of the Boy Scout name and the program of Scouting in the United States of America.

In any case, we of the Boy Scouts of America would be very much chagrined — and may I say indignant?—if the American public should be misled to the belief that there is any organization in this country properly making use of the designation " Boy Scouts " for a membership not committed to wholly American patriotic principles as embodied in the Constitution of the United States of America, including the Bill of Rights and, further, to the Twelfth Law of Scouting, which declares that " A Scout is reverent. He is reverent toward God. He is faithful in his religious duties, and respects the convictions of others in matters of custom and religion." — *James E. West, Chief Scout Executive.*

[The author of I Joined the Bund asks us to please tell Mr. West that his " German Boy Scouts " reference was purely analogous for purposes of identification. And he wishes to add that he has a profound respect and admiration for the Boy Scouts of America.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

GO AHEAD, REPRINT IT

CHATTANOOGA, TENN.—I have just run across the article in June 17 Liberty entitled They've Got Your Number, by Rupert Hughes. I enjoyed it very much. We have been worked to death in Chattanooga with these telephone " artists." Will it be possible to secure your permission to allow us to reprint the June 17 story in our Labor World, giving Liberty the credit line, of course?

I would like to have every member of organized labor read it. — *T. R. Cuthbert, Editor.*

FORBID ALL THIRD TERMS!

PORTSMOUTH, OHIO—Read Senator Vandenberg's argument against F. D. R.'s running for a third term (October 7 Liberty).

If the people didn't want F. D. R. a third time they could settle that for themselves at the polls. However, perhaps the senator is right.

If he is, the idea could be extended to senators and congressmen and forbid them to run for a third term. They make the laws of this country, anyway.—*R. L. Fields.* .

"HOME ON THE RANGE" ON A BAVARIAN PROGRAM!

PLYMOUTH, MASS.—I was very much interested in Mr. Oursler's article about radio censorship (September 23 Liberty). You see, something in that line came up here.

In Boston there is a German restaurant, the Hofbrau, on Tremont Street. A pretty grand place. They have a swell orchestra. And they had a fifteen-minute program six nights a week on station WHDH. They played German folksongs and Strauss waltzes and all kinds of snappy German music. But that was *before* September 1. Comes the war, and what happens? The program is ruined. No German music; the orchestra leader's name isn't given; they couldn't mention " Bavarian atmosphere " nor " German and American food."

I was incensed. I felt personally insulted. I'm 100 per cent pure Yankee, without a drop of German blood to bless myself with, but it never occurred to me to construe that program as pro-Nazi propaganda.

Good grief, the poor tenor had to sing Home on the Range on a Bavarian program!

I tell you truly, I'm beginning to feel ashamed of being an American. And I used to feel pretty darned proud of it when we could have good German music in spite of the mess across the puddle.

Who do you think regulates such things? I intend to write station WHDH and ask.—*Evelyn Ellis.*

[We should be very glad to hear from WHDH on this complaint and print whatever reason or explanation they may care to give us. We want both sides.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

"I SURVIVED CORSETS"

CONWAY, S. C. — Yes, I fully agree with Dr. W. W. Ziege (October 14 Vox Pop) in thinking that an editorial from Mr. Macfadden on the subject of corsets would be a very timely one.

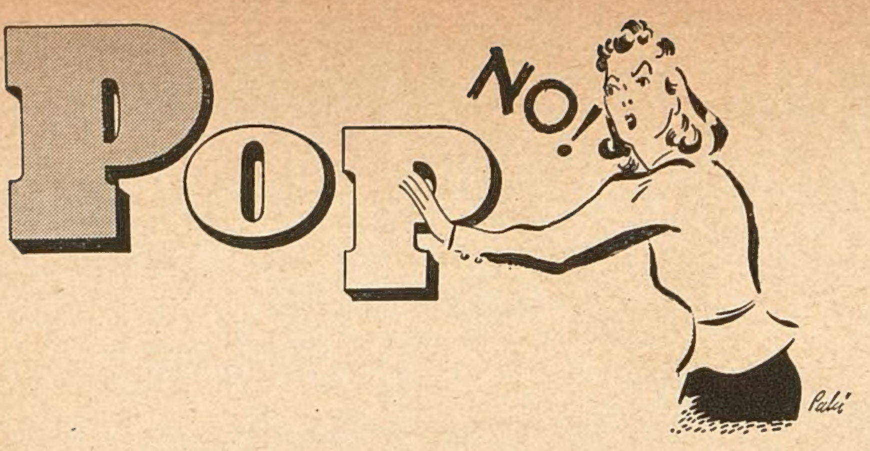
I am nearly eighty-one years old. I survived the corsets and wasp waists, but I have not forgotten the suffering and deaths among my friends and acquaintances caused by tight lacing, and I shudder when I think of what may happen to our lovely young women of today if they adopt this corset fad. It is worse than drinking or doping.

So I hope that Mr. Macfadden will comply with the request of Dr. Ziege and help us prevent this terrible thing that is facing our young women.—*Mrs. J. N. Atwater.*

A BARGAIN AT $20.80

PHILADELPHIA, PA. — For eight years I haven't missed reading Liberty, and at a total expenditure of $20.80. Every Wednesday, when the boy brings it, my husband and I both make a dive for it. I start at Bernarr Macfadden's editorial, and read straight through to what's coming next week in one sitting.

You know, I can't understand just what makes your magazine so totally absorbing. We buy nine magazines a month—three are weeklies, including Liberty — and I can't put into words just how much I enjoy every one of your articles and stories.



When some one in Vox Pop criticizes, why, I really burn up! You might think I had a personal or financial interest in Liberty. The only thing I can say is, it seems to be such an honest, right-from-the-shoulder sort of a magazine. If all the people on this earth were like that, what a happy place to live!

I feel that $20.80 spent was a bargain, and, to top it off, I give my old copies to the Salvation Army. —*Mrs. Charles J. Pfaff.*

EDDIE DOHERTY'S MEMORY

MIAMI, FLA. — I fear the years have not been easy on Eddie Doherty's memory. Or do his nimble fingers make his typewriter talk too glibly?

Eddie slays me when he says in Newspaperman (October 21 Liberty) that he obtained his job on the Chicago Tribune reportorial staff through intervention of a gangster who had testified favorably for the Tribune in a libel suit. And I have been bragging all these years that Eddie was one of my discoveries!

Eddie was on a Hearst paper in Chicago and wanted to work on the Tribune. I recommended him to Walter Howey, then city editor. Howey paid him thirty dollars a week. After a few of Eddie's stories were printed, Eddie demanded a five-dollar raise. Howey said no. Promptly Eddie jumped to the American.

A couple of years later, when I became city editor of the Tribune, I wanted a man to write breezy feature stories. Eddie by this time was turning out the best stuff in town for the American. I sent for him, and got a kick out of hiring him back for the Tribune at sixty dollars a week—double his previous salary. That was a lot of money in those days in Chicago, but Eddie turned out some grand stories and I have always felt that I got a bargain when I got Eddie. Now along comes Eddie himself saying I hired him at the behest of a gangster. My wife, who was born in Chicago, interposes to say that Chicago didn't even have any gangsters in those days!

So, Eddie, I guess you'll have to crawfish—if you know what that means way down South.—*Perley Boone.*

QUACK REMEDIES FOR THE UNEMPLOYMENT EVIL

BRIDGETON, N. J. — Mr. Macfadden's editorial, Quack Remedies for the Unemployment Evil (September 30 Liberty) should be posted on every billboard in the country. No doubt Mr. Macfadden has in mind the fact that most of our officials are incompetents, failures, and ne'er-do-wells whose only claim to efficiency is their ability to sell the suckers on the idea of electing them to office. No wonder this country is mismanaged from top to bottom. A man successful in business just will not give up his business to enter the political world, and the net result—we just elect members of the lunatic fringe and *think* we have a government.

It may sound like radicalism, but it would seem that those who inherited this country will have to get out the old muskets and take it away from the bull-neck politicians and try and make the thing run as it was supposed to run when they planned the rules of democracy. We have more isms here than a boy has pains after a session with green apples. Let's get down to the business of living and letting live.—*Ralph L. Myers.*

LUDWIG CORRECTS ERRORS

ASCONA, SWITZERLAND—As some readers corrected me, I think it would be fair to correct publicly two little points:

(1) The Duchess of Windsor was not born after the death of her father, but five months before.

(2) Her mother was remarried after the death of her father.

About the important points of the story I never have received any correction of fact. —*Emil Ludwig.*

PAINTS FOR TYPEWRITER

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.—*Subject:* She Fell for a Uniform, by Marian B. Cockrell (October 21 Liberty).

Remarks: Miss Cockrell forsook painting for the typewriter, you say.

Advice: Sell typewriter, purchase paints.—*L. A. D.*

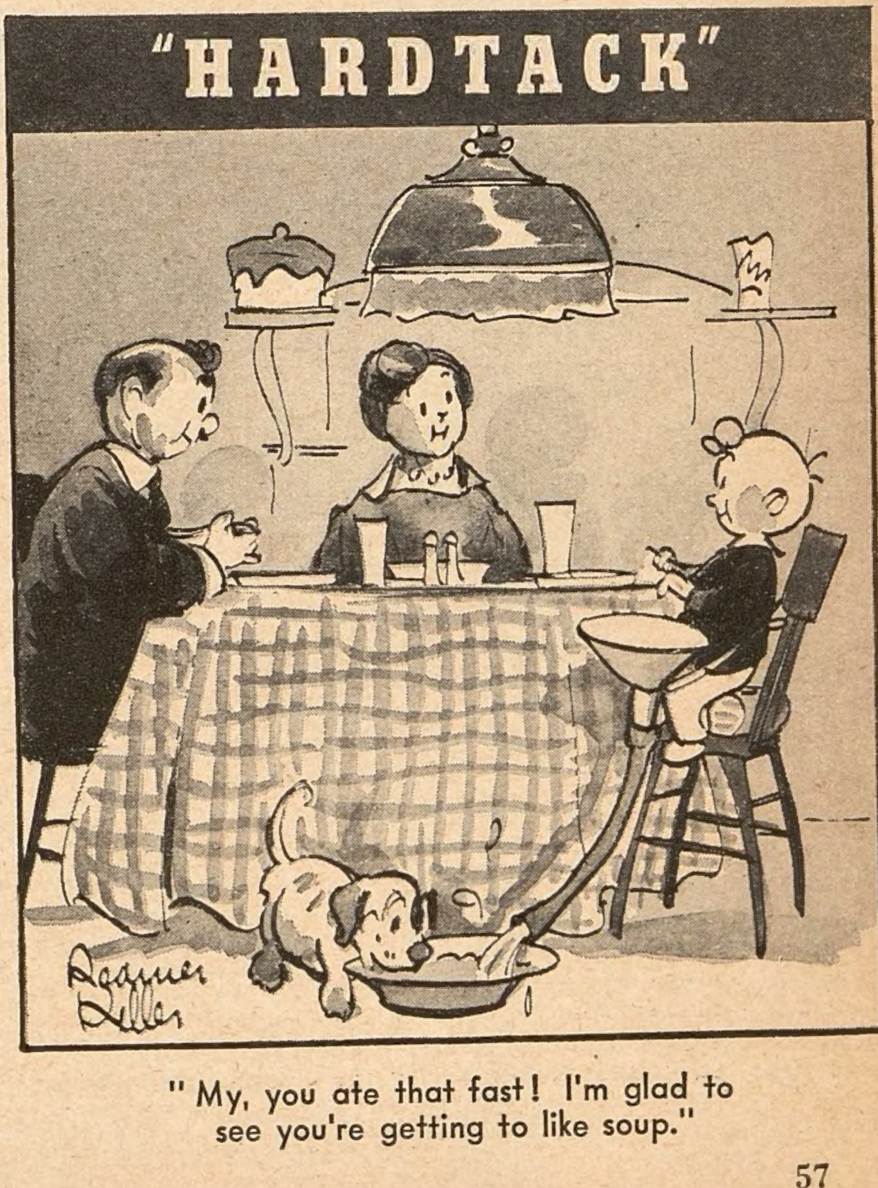
BIRTH CONTROL AND HEAVEN

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—Regarding William E. Cole's statement on birth control (September 30 Vox Pop), if he does not believe in life after death, as for instance the Christian heaven, then he is correct. But if he believes in a life hereafter, then what of the overpopulation of India? These Indians or humans of India may have a few years of poverty in this life, but will they not enjoy eternal bliss in the hereafter, which they could not enjoy if they had not been born on this earth? Of course, if Mr. Cole does not believe in a life hereafter, then his statements are absolutely correct.—*James J. Evans.*

UMPIRE McGOWAN MISSES ONE

SAGINAW, MICH.—Umpire Bill McGowan, in October 7 Liberty, states that Stan Hack's three-base hit in the last game of the Tiger-Cub series in '35 sailed over the head of Jo-Jo White. That hit went over Gerald Walker's head. I was sitting right in front of that play, in the center-field bleachers.

I think Jo-Jo would have caught it.—*Frank J. Minard.*



"My, you ate that fast! I'm glad to see you're getting to like soup."

What Do You Mean—Americanism?

FULTON OURSLER

© George Maillard Kesslère

FROM Wendell Herman of Baltimore, Maryland, comes the following:

"Your magazine is always talking about what a wonderful thing Americanism is. I believe you—I fought in France for Americanism—and yet, if some one were to ask me what it is, what could I tell them? Could you define Americanism?"

Well, there are certain words in our language that might be called words of evocation. When they are spoken, the listener who hears them contributes to their meaning. Not all words are evocative, as John Erskine long ago pointed out. For example, if I say to you the word "circle," you know exactly what I mean. Your mind receives a clear, precise image, but you contribute nothing to it, because circle is a precise, not an evocative, word. Suppose, instead, that I say to you the word "home." To every one who listens there will come a different meaning, evoked out of personal experience. Now "Americanism" is a word like "home": an evocative word; and it has a special meaning for every American. I cannot define Americanism for every one, but I can tell you what it means to me.

To me, Americanism is the spirit of freedom at work in organized self-government. It is a way of life, a free experimental process in democracy. By trial and error, free men and women who live in and under Americanism make their own laws and unmake them. They choose their leaders and they change them frequently in the hope of finding better ones. By this system they open the door to many abuses. They are often deceived and betrayed, and they are exploited, robbed, and cheated; nevertheless, they have, under this imperfect system, become a greater people, a happier people, and a more prosperous people than any other nation that ever lived under any system on this earth.

Americanism is the sovereign voice of public opinion, greater than government, ruling the people only because the people rule.

Americanism began with the Declaration of Independence, in which it was declared that "all men are created equal," having "certain inalienable Rights . . . Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness." This was the birth certificate of Americanism. Its baptism was in the blood of our Continental soldiers. The certificate of that baptism was the Constitution of the United States and the Bill of Rights. This was the charter of a free people, adult enough, responsible enough to have and to enjoy, as no other people today may have and enjoy, the right to a trial by jury; the right of habeas corpus; the right to be secure in their persons and homes with no search except by court warrant; the right to stand out of doors and say to all the world whatever one pleases to say—which is free speech; and the willingness to answer in the courts for what one has said—which is the responsibility of free speech; the right and responsibility of a free press; the right to peaceable assembly and petition; and the right to worship God as conscience, and only conscience, directs.

Above all, Americanism is the spirit of men and women great enough to laugh at themselves and their leaders if need be. We are free people with a sense of humor. With a decent respect for all our brothers, we stand in awe of no government officer or office; in awe of no king or conqueror; in awe of nothing human; in awe only of the Lord God Almighty, Who planted this instinct for freedom in our hearts.

Americanism is the spirit of a new people, fusing many old peoples into a new national companionship, a brotherhood which will never be canceled, whether by men or by a system of men. We have tasted its freedom and we know that it is sweet. God helping us, we shall never give it up.

LIBERTY NEXT WEEK will bring you some of the most exciting stories and articles that we have found in a long time. Just listen to the roll call: F. Scott Fitzgerald, short story, Strange Sanctuary; Dora Macy, timely new novel, I Spy! the life story of a beautiful espionage agent; Talbert Josselyn, short story, Lovers Against the Sea; Red Friesell, sports article, There's No Kicking in Football; Harry Hershfield with another batch of latest Broadway gags; Walter Karig, article, The Gold Brick that Stalin Sold Hitler; Frederick L. Collins, article, He Makes Democracy Think! and the first announcement of a remarkable new contest with nearly two thousand dollars in cash prizes; Ernest K. Lindley, article, How to Clean Up Parole; with generous helpings of the serials and the favorite departments.

SOME TIME AGO WE TOLD here the yarn about a colored soldier and his prayer before battle. This was in good humor. But there is another side, well set forth in the following letter from E. W. Fremaux of Alexandria, Louisiana:

"Here is the real 'shortest prayer.'

"We all know that when Negroes are under great stress and duress, their speech is direct, very short but most expressive. I witnessed an accident to a Negro man attempting to 'hop a freight.' He was thrown under the trucks, three of which passed over his midsection, literally cutting him in two. Strange to say, he did not lose consciousness. After the arrival of a doctor, this man asked him just what were his chances. The doctor admitted that his life was a matter of minutes, which proved correct. The injured man looked hard at the doctor for a second, turned his head aside, and made this audible prayer, 'O Lord, take me as I am!' and died almost with the last word.

"Thank you for listening."

☆

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty

for Liberals with Common Sense

■

CONTENTS FOR DECEMBER 2, 1939

■

EDITORIAL

Bureaucracy—A Great Tax-Eating Monster....Bernarr Macfadden 4

SHORT STORIES

Headline Lady.....Reita Lambert 7
A Lion by the Tail..Sidney S. Lenz 17
Section EE Row 47 Seat 3--Liberty's Short Short George S. Brooks 34
Tenderly and Forever. Nan O'Reilly 36

SERIALS

Attorney for the People: The Life Story of Thomas E. Dewey—Part VII.............Rupert Hughes 20
Right Turn to Danger!—Part III Frederick R. Bechdolt 27
The Shadow of the Master—Conclusion.......Achmed Abdullah and Anthony Abbot 40
The Lid Off Los Angeles—Part IV Dwight F. McKinney and Fred Allhoff 49

ARTICLES

Is It as Bad as This?—A Sorority Sponsor Talks About College Girls' Morals......... 5
How I Will Take Another Title from Armstrong.........Lou Ambers 11
A New Weapon for Peace Insurance Senator Robert R. Reynolds 13
Can Hollywood Stars Afford to Be Good Actors?......John Erskine 14
Red Ink: What Russia Is Doing to American Books and Movies George E. Sokolsky 31
More Dreams that Cleared Up Murder.........H. G. Hargrave 47

FEATURES

Twenty Questions, 9; To the Ladies by Princess Alexandra Kropotkin, 26; Crossword Puzzle, 35; Movie Reviews by Beverly Hills, 45; $2,000 Words Within Words Contest, 55; Vox Pop, 56.

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COVER BY McCLELLAND BARCLAY

LAST CALL!

$10,000.00 CASH PRIZES!

Fill Out the Last Line to this Jingle

For beautiful teeth to shine bright,
Use Dr. Lyon's morning and night.
Your smile will be prouder
Because of this POWDER
____
(RHYME WITH "BRIGHT")

TUNE IN
for further suggestions 'Backstage Wife'
4:00 P. M., E. S. T., NBC Red Network;
'Orphans of Divorce' 3:00 P. M.; E. S. T.;
NBC Blue Network.
EVERY DAY—MONDAY THRU FRIDAY

Enter Big Christmas Jingle Contest for Dr. Lyon's Users and Dealers

Imagine waking up some bright December morning to have $1,000.00 cash fall in your lap! Or any one of these other 432 cash prizes! Cash for your home, a car, to pay your bills and still have money to spend. Wouldn't that make your happiest Christmas ever. *Then get busy!*

READ THESE EASY RULES

1. Write on entry blank or an ordinary sheet of writing paper. Write or print your last line, using sufficient words to complete the jingle. Your last line may embody any idea you think completes the thought, if the last word rhymes with "bright." Print or write your name and address.
2. Enclose one empty cardboard box from any size can of Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder and the name and address of the dealer who supplied you with this. Mail to The R. L. Watkins Company, Box No. 9, Canal Street Branch, New York, N.Y. Please use sufficient postage.
3. Contest closes December 3rd, 1939, and all entries must be postmarked on or before midnight on that day.
4. Entries will be judged for aptness, originality, and suitability. Decision of the judges will be final. "Fancy" entries will not count extra. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties. No entries returned and all entries, contents, and ideas therein become the property of The R. L. Watkins Company, makers of Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder.
5. Anyone may enter the contest except employees of The R. L. Watkins Company, and their advertising agencies and the families of these employees. This contest applies only to Continental United States and is subject to all Federal, State, and local laws and regulations.
6. You may submit as many entries as you wish, just so long as each is accompanied by a Dr. Lyon's box.
7. Major winners will be announced over radio programs "Backstage Wife" and "Orphans of Divorce," as soon as possible after contest closes and their prizes mailed before Christmas. Other winners will be notified and their prizes forwarded by mail.

All you do is just fill in a last line for the jingle above. Anybody can do it. It's easy. (See Rules and "Hints".)

But first, see what Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder does for your teeth. Try it. See how this *effective cleansing agent* brightens your teeth, reveals all the WHITENESS they may really have. See what a thrilling improvement this makes in your smile, your attractiveness and charm!

Remember, when your dentist cleans and polishes your teeth most probably he uses POWDER. And he knows more than anybody else about cleaning teeth. So in using Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder, especially developed by a dentist for daily home use, you are following an excellent method that millions use.

With these facts, it's easy to rhyme. And fun! Try it. Even a child can win. The more entries you send, the more chances to win! Get a can of Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder and send in your entry today!

Strike It Rich!
Win

Grand First Prize	$1000
Second Prize	$500
Third Prize	$200
Ten Prizes of	$100 Each
20 Prizes of	$50 Each
100 Prizes of	$10 Each
300 Prizes of	$1 Each

PLUS Duplicate Prizes to the Dealer whose name appears on each winning entry.

866 Cash Prizes in All!

Read These Hints to Help You Win

Once you know what Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder does for your teeth, you'll think of a number of suitable words to rhyme with "bright." Then write a line, such as "You'll quickly take the spot-light" — or, "It's a treat to use it, all right," etc. You probably have a better line in mind already. Send it in today It may win up to $1,000.

FREE ENTRY BLANK

MAIL THIS NOW TO WIN CASH!

H

For beautiful teeth to shine bright,
Use Dr. Lyon's morning and night.
Your smile will be prouder
Because of this POWDER
____
(Write plainly or print the last line you want to enter here)

The R. L. WATKINS Co., Box 9, Canal Street Branch, New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Here is my entry. I have read the rules and I am enclosing a Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder box.

Name...

Address...

My dealer's name and address...

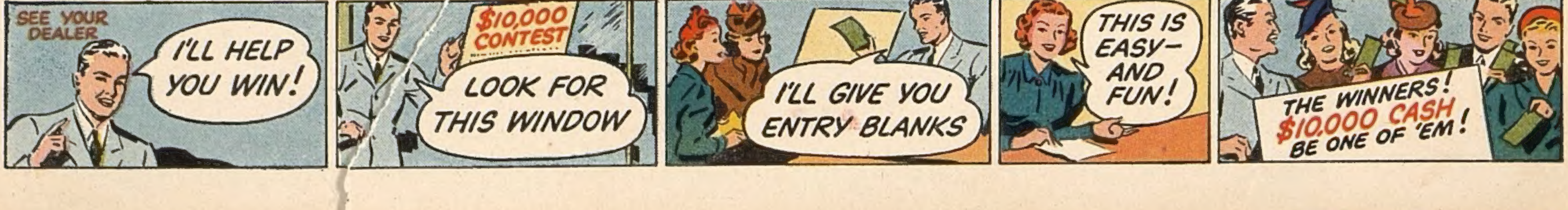
Dealers: Duplicate Prizes To You!

for promoting this contest among your customers, helping them write the winning lines, distributing entry blanks and setting up displays according to the simple rules that have been sent you For further information write direct to The R. L. Watkins Company, 170 Varick Street, New York, N. Y.

All Prizes Paid Dec. 15

Checks Mailed by That Date

DR LYONS
TOOTH POWDER



"Have you ever noticed that Camels burn longer and give you more smoking?"

ASKS VAN CAMPEN HEILNER
FAMOUS GAME AND FISHING AUTHORITY

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

Above, "VAN" waiting in the duck blinds for the "zero hour." Explorer, sportsman, scientist, conservationist, author of the authoritative, new "A Book on Duck Shooting," Heilner knows the waterfowl flyways from California to Maine, Alaska to Mexico, and those of Europe too. "Van" has been a Camel smoker for 18 years.

You can tell a lot about a cigarette by whether it burns fast or slowly. Camel cigarettes are noted for their long burning. In fact, they burned longer, slower *than any other brand,* in recent scientific tests (*see right*). Van Campen Heilner, the famous American authority on wild game, points out an interesting angle to this.

"Camels give *more smoking* because they burn so slowly," he says. "And I think the way they burn is a very good way to judge the *quality* of cigarettes too. I notice this about Camels—I can smoke them steadily and they still taste smooth and cool, and my mouth feels fresh—not dry—with no throat irritation. Camels are mild, flavory. They give more genuine pleasure per puff—and more puffs per pack." Turn to Camels. Get extra smoking per pack—topped off with the delicate taste of choice quality tobaccos. For contentment—smoke Camels!

MORE PLEASURE PER PUFF... MORE PUFFS PER PACK!

Whatever price you pay per pack, it's important to remember this fact: By burning 25% *slower* than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—slower than *any* of them—CAMELS give a smoking *plus* equal to

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

Cigarettes were compared recently ...sixteen of the largest-selling brands... under the searching tests of impartial laboratory scientists. Findings were announced as follows:

1 CAMELS were found to contain MORE TOBACCO BY WEIGHT than the average for the 15 other of the largest-selling brands.

2 CAMELS BURNED *SLOWER* THAN ANY OTHER BRAND TESTED—25% SLOWER THAN THE AVERAGE TIME OF THE 15 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS! By burning 25% slower, on the average, Camels give smokers the equivalent of 5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

3 In the same tests, CAMELS HELD THEIR ASH FAR *LONGER* than the average time for all the other brands.

Don't deny yourself the pleasure of smoking Camels, the quality cigarette *every* smoker can afford.

PENNY FOR PENNY
YOUR BEST
CIGARETTE
BUY!

Copyright, 1939, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, North Carolina

CAMELS—*Long-Burning Costlier Tobaccos*